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CONSTITUTION

OF THE

CAPE COD ASSOCIATION,

WITH

A N A C C O U N T

OF THE

CELEBRATION OF ITS FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

AT BOSTON.

NOVEMBER 11th, 1851.



BOSTON:
1852.
EASTBURN'S PRESS.

CONSTITUTION

OF THE

CAPE COD ASSOCIATION,

WITH

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

CELEBRATION OF ITS FIRST ANNIVERSARY,

AT BOSTON.

NOVEMBER 11TH, 1851.



[PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE ASSOCIATION.]

BOSTON:

1852.

EASTBURN'S PRESS.

THE CAPE COD ASSOCIATION.

A very general desire having been for some time expressed among the sons and descendants of Cape Cod, residents of Boston and vicinity, that there should be some more direct and agreeable method than had before existed, for bringing into acquaintance, and familiar, social communion, all those who claim a common Cape Cod origin ; a meeting was called, at the American House, with a view to the adoption of some measures for the accomplishment of that desired end. A goodly number of gentlemen, natives of the different towns of the Cape, having been thus assembled, on the evening of February 10th, 1851, after general consultation and interchange of sentiment upon the subject, it was determined to organize a society for the purposes above indicated ; and, accordingly, a Committee was appointed to prepare articles of association and a Constitution, for the consideration of a future meeting, to be called by the Committee when they shall be ready to report.

The Committee appointed as above, having publicly called a meeting of those interested, agreeably to their instructions, a large assembly was consequently gathered at Cochituate Hall, on the evening of May 12th, 1851. At this meeting the Hon. Francis Bassett was called to preside, and Charles Mayo, Esq., appointed Secretary. The Hon. Benjamin F. Hallett, chairman of the Committee before mentioned, then reported to the meeting a form of Association, and a Consti-

tution for its government, which after some discussion was unanimously adopted, and the Association was then, in conformity to the provisions of that Constitution, organized by the election of the following gentlemen as its officers for the first year, viz.:

PRESIDENT,

DAVID SEARS.

VICE PRESIDENTS,

WILLIAM STURGIS,
LEMUEL SHAW,
DANIEL C. BACON,
BENJAMIN BANGS,
PRINCE HAWES,
BENJAMIN BURGESS,

BENJ. F. HALLETT,
JOSHUA SEARS,
FRANCIS BASSETT,
ROBERT BACON,
THOMAS THACHER,
S. K. LOTHROP,

JOHN G. PALFREY.

TREASURER,

ISAAC THACHER.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY,

HENRY A. SCUDDER.

RECORDING SECRETARY,

WILLIAM S. THACHER.

CONSTITUTION
OF THE
CAPE COD ASSOCIATION
IN BOSTON.

ITS OBJECT. To encourage and promote among all the native born and descended of Cape Cod,—temperance, industry, sincerity, good humor, charity, the social affections and generous sentiments.

ARTICLE I.

All natives of Cape Cod, and their descendants, who are residents of Boston and its vicinity, may become members on signing the Constitution, and conforming to the By-Laws. Each member shall pay three dollars, on admission, for the first year, and thereafter three dollars annually, so long as he shall continue a member.

ARTICLE II.

Any person paying fifty dollars shall become a life member, and may direct to what object of the Association his subscription shall be appropriated; and whenever five hundred dollars shall be raised by life subscriptions or donations, it shall be set apart as a fund, to be appropriated as the Association may direct by its By-Laws, with the consent of such life subscribers and donors.

ARTICLE III.

The Officers of the Association shall consist of a President, thirteen Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer, a Recording Secretary, and a Corresponding Secretary. The Board of Officers shall constitute a Standing Committee, a majority of whom shall form a quorum for business, and may hold meetings at such times as they may appoint. They shall annually, at their first meeting, elect an Executive Committee of four, to manage the concerns of the Association, and to recommend such measures as they shall think proper for the general benefit, of which Committee the Treasurer and Secretaries shall be additional members, *ex officio*.

ARTICLE IV.

The Board of Officers may form *By-Laws* for the management of the concerns of the Association, which shall take effect if adopted at any regular meeting of the Association by a vote of two-thirds present.

ARTICLE V.

The Recording Secretary shall keep a correct account of the proceedings of the Association, and of the Board of Officers, which shall be open to the inspection of the members. The Corresponding Secretary shall make and preserve all communications and matters of interest to the Association. The Treasurer shall keep the money and funds of the Association, and pay out the same in pursuance of the orders of the Executive Committee, and render an account thereof annually at a meeting of the Association.

ARTICLE VI.

An Annual Meeting for the choice of Officers and transaction of business shall be held on the eleventh of November, the anniversary of the adoption of the first written Constitution of Government among men, which was framed on board the *Mayflower*, in the harbor of Provincetown, 1620. Quarterly meetings shall be held on the eleventh days of February, May and August.

ARTICLE VII.

The Quarterly Meeting in August may be held at any place on Cape Cod which the Board of Officers shall designate.

ARTICLE VIII.

The receipts beyond the necessary expenses of the Association shall be invested by the Treasurer, to be reserved for a fund that shall be appropriated and applied, at such time, and for such general purpose or definite object, as the Association, at an Annual Meeting, shall devise by some provision in amendment of the Constitution. Voluntary subscriptions and donations shall be received and appropriated in aid of such fund.

ARTICLE IX.

The regular meetings of the Association shall be notified by publication in some newspaper in Boston, and the members present shall constitute a quorum for transacting business. The Constitution may be amended at any regular meeting of the Association by a vote of two-thirds present, provided notice of such

amendment shall have been given to the Board of Officers at a meeting of the Board previous to the meeting of the Association at which such proposed amendment shall be considered; but no amendment of the Constitution shall be made unless at least twenty-five members present shall vote for such amendment.

ARTICLE X.

All persons who have subscribed the agreement to form this Association shall become members on signing this Constitution, as is provided in the first Article; and thereafter, any person coming within the rule of membership, who shall present his name to any member of the Executive Committee, shall be admitted a member of the Association on the approval of the Executive Committee, and on complying with the provisions of the first Article.

ARTICLE XI.

Honorary members may be admitted by a vote of the Association at any regular meeting.

ARTICLE XII.

The names of members who shall have neglected to pay their annual subscriptions for more than one year, or who do not comply with the provisions of the Constitution and By-Laws, shall be reported annually by the Treasurer, and shall be stricken from the list of members, or suspended, if the Association shall so direct by their vote.

ARTICLE XIII.

Any member who shall have paid the sum of fifty dollars in annual subscriptions or otherwise, shall be entitled, if in needful circumstances, in the opinion of the Executive Committee, to receive that amount from the Association, at such times and in such sums as the Executive Committee may direct; and the like sum shall be paid, in like manner, to the widow or children of a deceased member who shall have paid in the sum of fifty dollars, if left in needful circumstances.

LIST OF OFFICERS
OF THE
CAPE COD ASSOCIATION,
1852.

PRESIDENT,

DAVID SEARS.

VICE PRESIDENTS,

WILLIAM STURGIS, LEMUEL SHAW, DANIEL C. BACON, BENJAMIN BANGS, PRINCE HAWES, BENJAMIN BURGESS,	BENJ. F. HALLETT, JOSHUA SEARS, FRANCIS BASSETT, ROBERT BACON, THOMAS THACHER, S. K. LOTHROP.
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JOHN G. PALFREY.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,

ISRAEL LOMBARD, HENRY CROCKER,	HENRY C. BROOKS, ISAIAH M. ATKINS, Jr.
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TREASURER,

ISAAC THACHER.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY,

HENRY A. SCUDDER.

RECORDING SECRETARY,

WILLIAM S. THACHER.

L I F E M E M B E R S .

Bacon, Daniel C.						Howes, Willis
Bacon, Francis						Lombard, D. B.
Bacon, Robert						Lombard, Israel
Baker, Ezra H.						Nickerson, Frederic
Baker, Richard, Jr.						Nickerson, Joseph
Bassett, Francis						Rich, Isaac
Bourne, E. A.						Sears, David
Brooks, Henry C.						Sears, Paul, Jr.
Crowell, Nathan						Shaw, Lemuel
Davis, Barnabas						Sturgis, William
Davis, James						Thacher, Barna.
Hallet, G. W.						Thacher, Isaac
Homer, Fitzhenry						Thacher, William S.
Howes, Osborn						

M E M B E R S .

Atkins, Elisha	<i>Truro.</i>
Atkins, Ephraim	"
Atkins, Henry	"
Atkins, Isaiah	"
Atkins, Isaiah Malcolm, Jr.	"
Atkins, I. M.	"
Atwood, Hawes	<i>Wellfleet.</i>
Bacon, Daniel C.	<i>Barnstable.</i>
Bacon, Eben	"
Bacon, Francis	"
Bacon, George	"
Bacon, John H.	"
Bacon, Robert	"
Bacon, Thomas C.	"
Bacon, William B.	"
Baker, Albert	<i>Dennis.</i>

Baker, Ezra H.	Dennis.
Baker, John W.	<i>Barnstable.</i>
Baker, Joshua	"
Baker, Judah	<i>Dennis.</i>
Baker, Richard	<i>Truro.</i>
Baker, Richard, jr.	"
Bangs, Benjamin	<i>Brewster.</i>
Bangs, Elkanah	"
Bangs, George P.	"
Bangs, Isaiah	<i>Harwich.</i>
Bangs, William A.	<i>Brewster.</i>
Bangs, William H.	"
Bassett, Francis	<i>Dennis.</i>
Beal, Alexander	<i>Barnstable.</i>
Bearse, Owen	"
Bourne, E. A.	<i>Sandwich.</i>
Brooks, Henry C.	<i>Harwich.</i>
Burgess, Benjamin	<i>Sandwich.</i>
Burgess, B. F.	"
Chase, Erastus	<i>Harwich.</i>
Chase, Luther S.	"
Chase, Nathan	<i>Dennis.</i>
Chessman, D. F.	<i>Barnstable.</i>
Chessman, W. H.	"
Chipman, Walter	"
Clark, Alvan	<i>Harwich.</i>
Clark, Lot	<i>Brewster.</i>
Clark, Thacher, Jr.	<i>Dennis.</i>
Cobb, Elijah	<i>Brewster.</i>
Cobb, E. Winslow	"
Cobb, Matthew	<i>Barnstable.</i>
Collins, James H.	<i>Eastham.</i>
Collins, Joshua C.	"
Congdon, James Bunker	<i>Falmouth.</i>
Crocker, Henry	<i>Barnstable.</i>
Crocker, Henry H.	"
* Crocker, Roland R.	<i>Falmouth.</i>
Crocker, Uriel	<i>Barnstable.</i>
Crocker, William A.	"
Crosby, E. C.	<i>Brewster.</i>
Crowell, Henry G.	<i>Yarmouth.</i>
Crowell, Nathan	"
Crowell, Nathan, Jr.,	<i>Dennis.</i>

* Died suddenly, at New Bedford, Jan. 12, 1852, aged 82 years.

Crowell, Philander		<i>Yarmouth.</i>
Crowell, Seth K.		"
Crowell, Timothy		"
Davis, Adolphus		<i>Barnstable.</i>
Davis, Barnabas		"
Davis, Charles Henry		"
Davis, Ebenezer		<i>Truro.</i>
Davis, George T.		<i>Barnstable.</i>
Davis, James		"
Davis, James W.		"
Davis, John W.		"
Davis, Joseph A.		"
Davis, S. G.		"
Dimmock, John L.		"
Doane, John, jr.,		<i>Orleans.</i>
Easterbrook, William		<i>Barnstable.</i>
Eldridge, Oliver		<i>Yarmouth.</i>
Eldridge, Samuel		"
Ellis, Abuer		<i>Sandwich.</i>
Ewer, Charles		<i>Barnstable.</i>
Fessenden, Sewell H.		<i>Sandwich.</i>
Freeman, Watson		"
Freeman, William		<i>Brewster.</i>
Freeman, William F.		"
Gibbs, Alexander		<i>Sandwich.</i>
Gibbs, Joshua, 3d,		"
Gibbs, Nathan B.		"
Goodspeed, Levi L.		<i>Sandwich.</i>
Gray, Thomas		<i>Barnstable.</i>
Gray, Thomas W.		"
Gross, Isaac S.		<i>Truro.</i>
Gross, Jaazaniah		"
Hall, James		<i>Barnstable.</i>
Hall, William C.		<i>Dennis.</i>
Hallett, B. F.		<i>Barnstable.</i>
Hallet, G. W.		<i>Yarmouth.</i>
Hallett, Henry L.		<i>Barnstable.</i>
Hamblen, David		<i>Wellfleet.</i>
Hamlen, Nathaniel		<i>Eastham.</i>
Harding, Nathaniel		<i>Truro</i>

Hardy, Alpheus	Chatham.
Hatch, A. D.	Falmouth.
Hawes, Charles H.	Yarmouth.
Hawes, J. P.	"
Hawes, Prince	"
Higgins, John S.	Wellfleet.
Hinckley, Benjamin	Truro.
Hinckley, David	Barnstable.
Hinckley, William	Dennis.
Holbrook, Henry A.	Wellfleet.
Holbrook, Joseph	"
Homer, Fitzhenry	Yarmouth.
Hopkins, Franklin	Brewster.
Howes, Barzillai	Dennis.
Howes, Osborn	"
Howes, Willis	"
Huckins, Francis	Barnstable.
Huckins, James W.	"
Jenkins, James	Falmouth.
Jones, Eliphalet	Sandwich.
Knowles, Thomas	Eastham.
Krogman, Samuel B.	"
Lewis, Nathan	Barnstable.
Lewis, Simeon H.	"
Lincoln, Henry	Falmouth.
Lincoln, William	"
Lombard, D. B.	Truro.
Lombard, Israel	"
Lombard, Israel, Jr.,	"
Lombard, Thomas	"
Loring, Charles	Barnstable.
Loring, Elisha T.	"
Lothrop, Samuel K.	"
Lovejoy, Loyal	"
Matthews, Nathan	Yarmouth.
Mayo, Charles	Brewster.
Munroe, James	Barnstable.
Myrick, James H.	Brewster.
Newcomb, Warren	Truro.
Nickerson, Eben	Provincetown.

Nickerson, Edward G.	<i>Provincetown.</i>
Nickerson, Frederic	<i>Brewster.</i>
Nickerson, F. A.	"
Nickerson, J. S.	"
Nickerson, Joseph	"
Nickerson, Pliny	<i>Harwich.</i>
Nickerson, Thomas	<i>Brewster.</i>
Otis, William Foster	<i>Barnstable.</i>
Palfrey, John G.	"
Parker, Isaac H.	<i>Falmouth.</i>
Parker, Ward M.	"
Percival, John	<i>Barnstable.</i>
Perry, M. S.	<i>Brewster.</i>
Pope, John	<i>Sandwich.</i>
Pope, Lemuel E.	"
Pope, Thomas B.	"
Reed, Edward	<i>Yarmouth.</i>
Reed, John, Jr.	"
Rich, Isaac	<i>Wellfleet.</i>
Rich, Sylvanus	"
Ryder, Elisha H.	<i>Chatham.</i>
Ryder, George G.	"
Scudder, Alexander	<i>Barnstable.</i>
Scudder, H. A.	"
Scudder, Harvey	"
Scudder, P. W.	"
Sears, David	<i>Chatham.</i>
Sears, Joshua	<i>Yarmouth.</i>
Sears, Nathan F.	<i>Brewster.</i>
Sears, Paul, Jr.	<i>Dennis.</i>
Sears, Phillip H.	"
Sears, Willard	<i>Yarmouth.</i>
Shaw, Joseph P.	<i>Eastham.</i>
Shaw, Lemuel	<i>Barnstable.</i>
Shurtleff, Nath'l B.	"
Simpkins, S. G.	<i>Brewster.</i>
Smith, Daniel C.	<i>Wellfleet.</i>
Smith, Henry	<i>Barnstable.</i>
Smith, John T.	<i>Brewster.</i>
Smith, Joseph	<i>Wellfleet.</i>
Smith, Oliver	<i>Eastham.</i>

Smith, Stephen	<i>Barnstable.</i>
Snow, Franklin	<i>Orleans.</i>
Stevens, Levi F.	<i>Truro.</i>
Sturgis, William	<i>Barnstable.</i>
Swett, Samuel	"
Thacher, Barna.	<i>Yarmouth.</i>
Thacher, Charles A.	"
Thacher, Edward	"
Thacher, George C.	"
Thacher, H. C.	"
Thacher, Isaac,	"
Thacher, Matthew	"
Thacher, Thomas	"
Thacher, Thomas	"
Thacher, William S.	"
Tobey, Seth	<i>Dennis.</i>
Waterman, Foster	<i>Barnstable.</i>
Wells, Francis	<i>Truro.</i>
Wood, Charles L.	<i>Falmouth.</i>
Wood, James B.	"
Williams, Joseph Otis	<i>Barnstable.</i>
Williams, Robert B.	<i>Sandwich.</i>
Winslow, Elisha D.	<i>Brewster.</i>
Winslow, Roland	"

The First Anniversary of the Cape Cod Association was held at Assembly Hall, in Boston, on the evening of November 11th, 1851.

The Hall had been decorated for the occasion, under the direction of the Committee of Arrangements. The flags of every nation were judiciously arranged as drapery, and a large number of colors were kindly furnished for the occasion by Commodore Downes, from the Navy Yard at Charlestown.

Over the entrance, inside the hall, and extending along the whole of that end of the room, was a beautifully painted inscription of the name of the Association, from the centre of which, wreaths of blue and red drapery converged, and surrounded the upper part of the walls of the room.

On each side of the entrance were these mottoes :

On the left—

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land.”

On the right—

“No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprize, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this hardy people.”—*Speech of Edmund Burke, March 22, 1775.*

At the further extremity of the Hall was suspended a large map of the Cape, beautifully painted for this occasion, with the May-Flower represented upon its surface as lying at anchor in Provincetown Harbor; and a copy of the following compact :

Social Compact of our Pilgrim Fathers, signed on board the Mayflower, in Cape Cod Harbor, 11 Nov., 1620.

In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyall subjects of our dread Sovereign Lord, King

JAMES, by the Grace of God of Great Britaine, France and re-
land, King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

Having vndertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of
the Christian Faith, and honor of our King and Countrey, a
voyage to plant the first Colony in the northern parts of Virginia,
doe, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the name of God
and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into
a civill body politike, for our better ordering and preservation and
furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by vertue hereof to enact,
constitute, and frame such juste and equall Lawes, ordinances,
acts, constitutions, offices, from time to time, as shall be thought
most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony:
unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In wit-
ness whereof we herevnder subscribed our names. Cape Cod, 11
of November, in the yeare of the raigne of our Sovereigne Lord,
King James of England, France and Ireland, 18, and of Scot-
land 54. Anno Domini, 1620.

John Carver,	Stephen Hopkins,
William Bradford,	John Howland,
Edward Winslow,	William White,
William Brewster,	Richard Warren,
Isaac Allerton,	Francis Cook,
Miles Standish,	Thomas Rogers,
John Alden,	Thomas Tinker,
Samuel Fuller,	John Billington,
Moses Fletcher,	Christopher Martin,
Gilbert Winslow,	William Mullins,
Edward Tilley,	John Tilley,
John Ridgdale,	Edward Fuller,
John Turner,	Francis Eaton,
James Chilton,	John Crackston,
John Goodman,	Degory Priest,
Thomas Williams,	Edmund Murgeson,
Peter Brown,	Richard Britterige,
George Soule,	Richard Clarke,
Richard Gardiner,	John Allerton,
Thomas English,	Edward Dorey.
Edward Leister,	

Along the side of the room were collected many articles of rare and curious interest, sent forward on this occasion by their respective proprietors for the inspection of the assembled company, which attracted the attention and admiration of all. Among these articles was the celebrated Brewster Chest, a detailed account of which was given by the venera-

ble Rev. Dr. Robbins, of Hartford, in whose possession it now remains. A cradle, now belonging to Peter Thacher, Esq., of Yarmouth, of most elaborate and solid workmanship—made of the most durable materials, and with the aid of no instrument but a simple jack-knife—was inherited from Anthony Thacher, whose memorable shipwreck is so universally known. A blanket accompanied the cradle, in which Peregrine White, the first born of Cape Cod, was wrapped. A piece of the pear tree planted by Governor Prence, on his estate at Eastham, was also exhibited.

The Chair was canopied with American and English ensigns, and from the front was suspended a cod fish. Behind, the model of the beautiful ship Game Cock was placed—above which were hung original portraits of James Otis and his wife.

Placed between the windows, occupying the entire panels of the room, were the portraits of distinguished natives of Cape Cod—among which were those of Samuel Allyne Otis, Rev. John Simpkins and wife, Elder Samuel Prence, Mercy, daughter of Gov. Hinckley, Mrs. Mary Gray, Dr. Savage and his wife, Mrs. Shaw, Rev. Dr. Freeman, William Henry Savage, Mercy, wife of Sylvanus Bourne, Solicitor General Davis, Judge Daniel Davis, Capt. John Crocker, Judge Thacher, Charles Hallett and his wife, Capt. John Eldridge, Jonathan Hallett, David Crocker, Benjamin Hallett, Elisha Doane, George Hallett, Gen. Elijah Cobb, John Gray, Abner Davis, Thomas W. Sears, Benjamin Rich, George Thacher and Lemuel Pope.

The tables were arranged with great taste and judgment, for the accommodation of a thousand persons—and the brilliant display of flowers throughout their whole extent added much to the splendor of the scene.

At five o'clock, the President of the Association, with the Invited Guests, were introduced into the hall by the Committee of Reception, and took their seats on an elevated platform at the side of the room. The members of the Association, with the ladies accompanying them, who numbered nearly one-half of the Assembly, then entered, under direc-

tion of the efficient marshals, and took their seats amid the music of Flagg's Brass Band.

A brief and very eloquent appeal to Heaven was made by Rev. Dr. Smalley, of Worcester; and the regard of the company was then given to the collation provided by J. B. Smith, which gave thorough satisfaction to all.

After a short interval occupied in satisfying the appetite, the attention of the Assembly was requested by the President, who said—

GENTLEMEN AND MEMBERS OF THE CAPE COD ASSOCIATION;

We are assembled here to-day to celebrate the First Anniversary of our Institution.

It is pleasant to look around us and see so many of the wise, the distinguished, and the honored among our citizens, who claim to be native born, or can trace their origin to good old Cape Cod of Massachusetts Bay.

It is pleasant too, on this occasion, to have the presence and encouragement of the fair daughters of those heroic mothers who shared with our fathers in their trials, privations and dangers.

It is indeed a goodly gathering of the *Pilgrim Cape*. Our Association was instituted on the 12th of May last, and the 11th of November selected for our anniversary, in honor of a day of solemn and impressive character, and well worthy of record—*the day of the adoption of the first written constitution among men*, decreed and signed on board the Mayflower, in the harbor of Provincetown, in 1620.

It is not necessary that I should here trouble you with the reading of our Constitution. I presume you are all acquainted with it. But I will call your attention to one of its principal features—the charity fund—founded on liberal principles and placed under the control of the officers of the Association. If carried out, as it may be, in an effective manner, it will redound to the honor of its patrons, and be of extensive usefulness.

The object of the Association, as you find it recorded in the certificates of membership, is “To encourage and pro-

mote among all the native born, and descended of Cape Cod, temperance, industry, sincerity, good humor, charity, the social affections, and generous sentiments," and to teach its members who their ancestors were, in order that they may emulate what their ancestors did. For admission, no religious test is required, no political creed demanded, but every one will take his brother by the hand and give him a cordial welcome.

It is not the intention of your President to enter upon these topics. They will be fully and ably discussed in the course of the evening by others better prepared than he is to do them justice. The office to which you have chosen him, and for the honor of which he begs you to accept his acknowledgments, takes from him all personal identity, and makes him emphatically—*The Chair*—to which others must address themselves, but from which nothing is asked in return—neither a toast expected, nor a speech solicited.

GENTLEMEN: This is a social meeting—our business was finished in the morning, and the evening is left for our pleasure. The arrangements are such that it is hoped every one may enjoy himself according to his inclination. An abundant supply for an intellectual feast is to be found among the distinguished gentlemen present, but no compulsory process will be used either to elicit a sentiment or to force a speech. They will be voluntary,—and yet I feel great confidence that there will be no want of free-will offerings on the altar of social enjoyment.

I therefore, without further remark, resume the Chair, and proceed to the principal objects of our meeting, and for that purpose permit me to introduce to you—HENRY A. SCUDDER—the Orator of the day.

ORATION.

Allow me through you, Mr. President, to tender my acknowledgments to the officers and members of the Cape Cod Association, for this honor which they have conferred upon me. I can but fear, Sir,—and fearing, I can but tremble, under a sense of the responsibility thus imposed. For your sakes, I regret that it should have fallen to my lot, to act as the minister of this occasion, to bear the sacred vessels in your presence, and to burn the incense of gratitude and love upon the altar of our common Home.

No sentiment is more deeply and universally impressed upon the human heart than the love of home. No age and no condition is insensible to its delights. Neither lapse of time, nor intervening distance, can efface that impression. The cares of manhood, with all their attending circumstances, do not so choke the affections, nor occupy the memory, that we can ever forget the land of our nativity, or fail to cherish the recollection of our earlier days. When fatigued with the labors and perplexities of the passing moment, how naturally do our wandering thoughts stray homeward, in search of that beloved spot where in joyous innocence we whiled away the morning of our life. In the hour of sadness, when the heart grows sick, and our spirits droop within us, then at times the imagery of home comes up before the fancy, like some charming vision before the dreamer's eye,—and we gaze upon it, and we pronounce it the fairest Elysium of all the past.

It matters very little where our nativity may have been

east. Whether we happen to have been nurtured in the midst of a wilderness of beauty, or upon some barren rock-bound coast,—whether the city or the country, a torrid or a frigid zone, may have been our dwelling-place,—it is the same to us. The scenes of our childhood move before us in after years, in all the verdure and freshness and gaiety of spring; making strong the heart of summer with its heat and toil, beguiling the cares and duties of autumnal life, and even cheering the winter of our declining age. The hovel of the poor man and the palace of the rich are equally enchanting. The philosopher muses over the picture with rapturous delight, and the unlettered man looks back upon it with emotions which can find no utterance in words.

There are peculiar associations connected with the earliest recollections of life. No castle was ever so magnificent as the house where we were born. No table groaning with abundance is half so bounteous now as that where we sat down in childhood. No times were ever so momentous as when we frolicked through the giddy hours, and fretted at our little cares, and laid our aching heads to rest. In all which partakes of the marvelous or grand, the experience of age must yield to the reveries of youth. It is natural that it should be so. “What we see,” says Carlisle, “and yet cannot see over, is as good as infinite.” Amid what scenes of wondrous sublimity, therefore, must that little gentleman have lived who measured perpendicularly but three feet, six; and mentally and physically, in like proportion. How incomprehensible was every thing in life; and therefore, how immense. There is no imaginary grandeur at the present day, which can compare with the vast infinitude of that hour, when the household and the homestead were to our little hearts a glorious universe,—when the over-arching vault of Heaven seemed to shut down about us like a wall of safety, whose outer edge rested upon our father’s acre-lots,—and when the sheep and the oxen, grazing upon those acres, were as the “cattle upon a thousand hills.”

There linger also about that hallowed spot associations of a more sacred character, which we never can forget; and

would not, if we could. The paternal household and its beloved members, the domestic altar, the evening and the morning prayer, the family board, its blessings craved and thanks returned, the faces of that familiar group, a father's smile, a mother's tear, all are remembered with affection. We bear these images of the past along with us wherever we may go ;—like sacred household Penates we keep them ever enshrined within the heart. In fine, the whole embodiment of home, with all its joys and sorrows, with all its scenes of magnificence and beauty, such as our childhood realized, and such as memory frequently recalls, forms to the mind a picture more like a dream than like any thing in real life. It came over us like a vision,—it vanished like a vision, and it is gone from us forever.

How interesting was that transition, from infancy to youth, and from youth to manhood ; when our faculties began to enlarge, our sympathies to extend, and our expanding souls reached out beyond their former circle, to embrace a larger company of kindred and acquaintance ; when we discovered that there was something beyond the curtilage of home ; when the over-arching vault of Heaven, so limited before, became a moving canopy, and we its continually moving centre ; when the surrounding neighborhood became the more extended theatre of our existence ; when the social affections began to be developed, and to our infant love was superadded the sentiment of friendship. Then how the cares of life began to multiply. How other scenes crept in between us and the former nucleus of our affections. By some alluring phantom, we know not what, we were tempted away from the paternal roof. We heard no longer those voices of the past, so dear to us ; and we began to be pilgrims of the future. The world lay all before us. Its manifold departments were presented to our view. We made our choice ; some to abide at home, some to go down in ships upon the deep, and some to go out from among their kindred to sojourn in other lands.

A portion of those voluntary exiles, who at various times have taken their departure from the shores of Cape Cod, are

gathered here to-day, in this home of their adoption, to manifest their regard for the home of their nativity. Drawn together by a common feeling of relationship, we have formed ourselves into an association, for the purpose of cultivating the social virtues, commemorating the history of the past, and perpetuating among our members, so far as possible, those principles which have actuated and somewhat distinguished the inhabitants of the Cape. Aside from the advantages which may hereafter arise from such an association, we have reason to rejoice in its present formation. It is an event long since anticipated, and cordially desired, by many of our distinguished citizens who were descended from the Cape; some of whom have labored to accomplish this result, but have died without success. It is, moreover, a pious duty which we thus discharge, by uniting in this spirit of filial veneration. Considering the many ties of sympathy by which we are bound, not only to each other as individuals, but to the land of our common origin,—remembering the debt of gratitude we owe to her, for the lessons of honest frugality and persevering industry which she has taught,—how fitting it is that her children, and her children's children, should thus rise up and call her blessed.

I have said that it matters very little where our nativity may have been cast. As to the vision of the absent child the image of home is always pleasing, so to the eye of affectionate remembrance all scenes are lovely which come to us in her sacred name. From the midst of this beautiful Athens of New England, we now cast our eyes across those intervening waters to our native coast, and we love her sandy cliffs, we love her sterile plains, we feel a spirit of honest pride in acknowledging our birthplace.

Why should it not be so? Is there no grandeur here? Behold her, where she lies, in her ocean bed,—that great “right arm” of this noble Commonwealth. Reaching out full twenty leagues beyond the main, she seems like an everlasting breast-work, thrown up by the Almighty hand as a protection to the future commerce of mankind. To the threatening element without she seems to say, “thus far,—thus far shalt thou

come,—but no farther;” while, to the treasures within her embrace, she seems also to say, “these are my jewels,—and who is he that shall snatch them from my hand?” Is there no beauty in this portion of the Creator’s handiwork? Visit her noble seaboard. Let your eyes glance along her winding borders. Look in upon her pleasant harbors. Examine her islands and her inlets. And then gaze upon the broad expanse of that billowy deep which rolls along her sea-coast, where the grampus and the leviathan tumble at their leisure through those dark blue waters, which have been their everlasting habitations.

Although untempting in her general aspect, with her barren territory and her unproductive soil, Cape Cod is rich. She is rich in her maritime advantages; she is rich in the vigor and enterprise of her sons; she is rich in the fruits of their industry; she is rich in the virtues of social and domestic life; rich in ancestral honors; rich in her local history.

Oh for a tongue to tell the story of that primeval race, whose dark and disfigured visages were seen darting through those forests, and fleeing the approach of the pale-face pilgrim. Oh for a living sketch of the land of Pamet, Nauset, Skeecket, Mattacheeset, and Monomoyet,—the homes and the hunting grounds of those warriors and sachems, who had roamed for centuries along those shores, in all the freedom and simplicity of nature. But it is now, alas, too late for us to investigate those early times. No vestige now remains to mark the spot where the wild man wooed the dusky maid, or trapped his game, or mingled in the dance. History cannot aid us. The light of tradition fails us. “The dews of the morning are past, and we vainly try to continue the chase by the meridian splendor.”

Let us then go back to the beginning of time with us, as a Nation,—to that period when civilization first visited those shores. Let us moor our bark in the waters of Cape Cod harbor; and, now, let us roll back the scroll of ages for a little more than two centuries, until we come to that November scene of 1620—the first, and the greatest scene, in all New England history. The place is full of eloquent suggestions. How sacred is the prospect of sea and land before us! What

hallowed associations crowd upon the mind as we look upon those waters, where first the Mayflower cast her anchor; those shores, where first the weary pilgrim's foot found rest; that very earth, where the first New England prayer was offered; where the first New England mother brought forth her first New England child. If to those mute but venerable witnesses of that ancient period, if to those aged hills, a voice were given to relate the story of those days,—with what eagerness should we listen to the narrative. Before all other heroes on American soil, I should like to have seen that patriarchal band. Before all other incidents in American history, I should choose to have beheld those primitive assemblies where John Carver, and John Alden, and Brewster, and Bradford, sat down together. Mingling with their pious thank-offerings for the past, I should like to have heard those words of promise and of prophecy which fell from their inspired lips.

Beleaguered and betrayed by the false styled civilization of their age; oppressed, persecuted, pursued and driven out, by the tyranny of the old world: turning their backs upon the fair outside of life, with all its pride and pomp and vanity,—those strong-hearted adventurers came to seek a humbler resting-place, and to erect their standard in any land where they might enjoy those inward blessings of liberty and peace. When we reflect upon the toil and danger they had thus encountered, the suffering and privation they had endured; when we consider how dark the future was to them; when we look upon that band of exiles, travelling by the eye of faith—“heart within, and God o'erhead;” when we see them upon that barren coast, with a savage wilderness before them, and not one sign to comfort, not one single hope to cheer them, save that of one day realizing their dreams of civil and religious freedom,—we are amazed at their firmness and their perseverance; and we regard them as heroes of an expedition, compared with which, the fabled journey of Æneas and his Trojan followers to us seems insignificant and tame.

Such was the beginning of the early local history of Cape Cod. Viewed in all its manifold relations, it surely stands

unrivalled among the annals of modern days. We do not here contest the palm with that old Colonial sister, who gave to those adventurers a later and more permanent abiding place. We would not pluck a single jewel from her diadem of honor. Let each enjoy her own proportion of the praises due. It was enough for Cape Cod, that she gave the first harbor to those pilgrims of the Cross. It was enough, that she extended her timely aid to save that expedition from destruction. It was enough that, from her basket and her store, she gave them all she had. If we surrender to our neighbors all the rest, still our native Cape must wear this crown of glory—that within her ancient borders began the history of the first permanent settlers in New England—that her's was the theatre where were enacted the most solemn and important political events which the annals of America contain—if not the most remarkable in the civil history of mankind. It was there that our political existence seems to have commenced. It was there that the first Chief Magistrate was elected and installed. It was there that the first corner-stone of our Government was laid, and the basis of our Republic was established. It was there that, “in the name of God, and for the general good,” the “first written constitution of popular government among men was drawn up and signed by the people, assembled in convention for that purpose.” From that place, and on that day, Liberty and Religion began anew their pilgrimage among the nations.

A little more than two hundred years have now elapsed, since the occurrence of those memorable events which gave such interest to the early local history of the Cape. What a scene of mutation has it been! Nation has striven against nation; the mighty have wrestled with the weak; the wiser have overcome the simple. A powerful and heroic race have been blotted from existence. Their habitations have been given unto strangers, and the places which once knew them shall know them no more forever. A wondrous change has, indeed, come over the face of all New England. The hand of civilization has swept away all traces of that rude barba-

rian age, and erected in their stead her monuments of industry and art. During this intervening period Cape Cod, in common with the rest of New England, has performed her part in the work of human progress. Her career has always been fortunate,—in many cases, it has been eventful and important.

Politically considered, the transplanting of races, or the peopling of a continent with new colonies, must be viewed not only as the greatest, but as the most uncertain, of all the works of man. No period was ever so momentous to any country as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were to this. It was, indeed, the great seed-time of nations: and, as such, was fearfully pregnant with the destinies of all the future. When the time was fully come, the tide of European emigration naturally set toward this western world. A new theatre of action had been opened for adventurers of every kind who had the daring or the means to embrace the opportunity. Usually, it is the surplus and floating population of a country which is thrown off on such occasions, while the better and more substantial portion remain behind. Very few go out into strange lands in search of new homes, except such as are illly provided for at home, or such as have in fact no certain abiding-place which they can call by that endearing name. Now this drift-wood of society is by no means the proper material for the building of new states. The thread-bare soldier of fortune, and the mere adventurer for luck, are last of all the proper individuals with whom new colonies should be peopled. The chance, therefore, in this new world, of a permanent and successful settlement, with a healthy and thriving population, was at best uncertain. It proved sadly so with most of those earlier adventurers who came to these western shores—those, among others, who enlisted under the patronage of the heroic Sir Walter Raleigh.

With New England, however, the case was very different. Fortunately for her, circumstances had been at work for ages in creating the proper material for her future population. The Reformation of Luther had awakened in the bosom of all

Europe a feeling of discontent, which had been suppressed for seven centuries at least. The spirit of insubordination manifested by Henry VIII., in throwing off the yoke of the Roman Church and disowning her supremacy, had banished from the common English mind that superstitious reverence for the authority or infallibility of earthly institutions, which had hung so long like an incubus upon them. They had now seen what was once to them the most sacred and venerable of all, cast down and trampled in the dust, merely to subserve the temporary convenience of an amorous and fickle hearted monarch ; and they were encouraged, thereby, not only to inquire into sacred matters for themselves, but also to respect and even vindicate the authority of their own private judgment. A state of independence both of heart and mind was thus begotten, or if not begotten, certainly promoted, which the succeeding policy of the Tudors and the Stuarts was by no means calculated to subdue, nor even to conciliate. The English Church came to them with most of the unwelcome forms, but without the presence and authority of the Holy See. Jealous as she was of her asserted prerogatives, determined as she was to have them respected and obeyed, the people feared her less, and they loved her no better. There was no distinction of classes or conditions in the contest which naturally arose. The best mind in England was enlisted on either side of the controversy. Each had its able and distinguished leaders. It was the voice of law against the voice of conscience. It was the might of assumed authority against the might of an indomitable will. A dreadful warfare was evidently at hand. The battle, in fact, had already commenced. Absolute submission on the one hand, or persecution to the death upon the other, were apparently the only terms presented. The former was impossible ; the latter was insupportable. A refuge was opened to the oppressed in America. The Pilgrims had led the way to New England, and they followed in their footsteps.

The result was that, while an asylum was here offered for those whose principles had been thus tried in the furnace of persecution, our borders were peopled with the best possi-

ble material for a new permanent and prosperous colony. Every condition in life contributed its portion. Men of fortune and position—scholars, philosophers, civilians, and divines—men of sterling excellence in all the industrial departments of life, flocked hither and scattered themselves along the shores of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay. Surely a nobler ancestry cannot be traced upon American or European soil than that derived from the companions of such men as Carver, and Winthrop, and Brewster, and Williams. From these came the earlier settlers and inhabitants upon the Cape, bringing with them all which could give character and stability to any enterprise. Among them were the Burgesses, the Bourne, the Crockers, the Chases, the Halletts, the Haublens, the Mayos, the Matthews, the Sturgisses, the Seares, and a host of others, whose venerable names are familiar among their children at the present day. They were men able to command the resources of the ocean, or to make the wilderness blossom like the rose,—men, whom no golden dreams had allured, and whom no ordinary reverses of fortune could overcome. In the hands of such builders and sires, most fortunately, were entrusted the destinies of our native land. From such a beginning, and under such guidance, none other than prosperous results could follow.

The early colonial history of the Cape is unfortunately wrapped in much obscurity. The efforts of her annalists have failed to develop so much of her career as could have been desired. For twenty years after the arrival of the Mayflower, little is known of her progress and condition. Her coast was undoubtedly inhabited, to some extent, by private adventurers during this interval. We have imperfect accounts of trading voyages between Plymouth and the Cape, during those dreadful days of pestilence and famine among the pilgrims, which indicate that her resources were well known and appreciated at a very early period. The population of the Cape, however, must have been very limited for a time, as we find that the entire Colony numbered only about three hundred souls at the expiration of ten years from its commencement.

The local history of the Cape towns seems to have been

first publicly developed by a change in the form of the colonial government in 1639, when Sandwich, Barnstable, and Yarmouth, began to send their deputies to the General Court at Plymouth. Eastham, in like manner, commenced her public career in 1647; and, from these four towns, the upper and lower portions of the Cape were afterwards principally settled. No kindred subject could interest us more than the industrial, social, religious, political and personal history of Cape Cod, during the entire colonial period. Could the veil of the past be so lifted as to disclose her various departments of life, exactly as they appeared in those early times, what a feast would it afford to the curious and inquiring mind.

Respecting the industrial pursuits of our colonial fathers there is, indeed, but little room for debate. The soil of the Cape, poor as it now appears, was without doubt their earliest dependence. If report be true, Cape Cod was then considered somewhat rich in her agricultural resources. As a market place, she seems in fact to have been to the Plymotheans in their days of famine, what Egypt had been to the ancient Israelites; for we learn that the Pilgrims frequently went down thither to buy corn; and, so great was the fame of the region round about, that in 1643 the entire Church at Plymouth proposed to remove, with their cattle and their tents, to sojourn in the more fertile land of Eastham, upon the Cape.

Tradesmen, as a distinct class, were very little encouraged in colonial times. A limited number, in each of the principal departments, generally sufficed for a single town. In those days of primitive simplicity, the division of labor was not so perfect as now. It was no uncommon thing for one man to follow as many callings as his genius would permit;—each, so far as possible, providing for the wants of his own household. Their necessities were very limited; and, when once supplied, they were generally supplied for life. The shoemaker, the tailor, and the hatter, were seldom patronized. A neighbor was recognized by the dress he wore, almost as readily as by the face which nature gave him. In handicraft, strength, instead of beauty, was the grand desideratum.

The probate inventories of their notable men indicate that the mechanic arts were not so courted and improved as in later days.

Mercantile pursuits were little known, and very little respected by them. The whole matter was placed under the general supervision of the grand inquest, by a statute which enacted that no person should be allowed to purchase goods for the purpose of enhancing the price, except such as bought at wholesale to retail again at a reasonable gain. The miller and the weaver were content to exchange services or commodities with the farmer and the carpenter; the cooper and the cobbler, in like manner, kept their accounts with the blacksmith and the butcher. Such was the character of those little communities—such the frugality and industry, the honesty, simplicity, and brotherly kindness, prevailing therein—that they had need of nothing beyond the common village traffic, and those mutual accommodations existing among neighbors, who borrow and return, from day to day, and from hand to hand.

The fisheries upon the Cape soon became the leading object of pursuit among those early settlers; which drew to her shores a bold and enterprising class of men, who encountered the hardships and perils of the deep. Such masters did our fathers become in this department, and so widely did their fame extend among the neighboring settlements, that, in 1690, we find Ichabod Paddock going by special invitation, from Cape Cod to Nantucket, to instruct those islanders in the best mode of catching and killing whales. Of the success which Ichabod had in teaching his pupils this heroic art, the world has no need to be informed. Suffice it here to say that similar lessons, which his companions taught at home, have neither been forgotten nor neglected by their children's children, even of the present generation upon the Cape. So prosperous and important did this occupation finally become, that the Great and General Court at Plymouth took occasion solemnly to acknowledge the providence of God in thus making Cape Cod a "commodious place for fishing;" and, thereupon, proceeded to protect this branch of industry by throwing around it the strong arm of the colonial law. Well might they do this,—for, to the

everlasting credit of Cape Cod be it stated, her fisheries not only proved the greatest source of profit to the public, by affording the chief article of her exports, and thus enriching her citizens ; but they furnished the only public fund for the support of education, which the Colony possessed for the first half century of her existence ; as well as the principal revenue for the maintenance of public schools, during the whole period of the colonial history. A worthy emblem of those early times swims proudly, at the present day, in the upper air of our legislative halls, as an ever constant monitor, by its presence, to remind the sovereign people of their earlier dependence ; and to claim for those, whose industry it continues to represent, the encouragement and protection of their laws.

Let us now turn our eyes from this department of labor to the sphere of social life. How intensely interesting would it be to read the social history of those early days, to follow our fathers along the common walks of life, and observe them in all their private intercourse. I should like to behold a portrait of those times, before the face and features of society had been so moulded and painted by the hand of art. I should like to have witnessed the rigid simplicity which characterized the manners and conversation of those early pioneers. Who would not like to have been for once seated as a welcome trencherman with the household of goodman Higgins, or of goodwife Brooks, around the family board ; and to have partaken with them of their bean-porridge and indian-pudding, the plain but wholesome fare of 1650. I would go a weary journey to grasp the brawny hand of those stern old heroes, in their homespun trowsers, high-topped boots, dufel jerkin, and flannel shirts,—with their long beards, solemn faces, and severity of features, in which might be read the entire contents of the holy decalogue. It would seem, no doubt, a strange transition to those of us who are accustomed to the gaiety and fashion of the present day ; stranger yet to reflect that such was Cape Cod two hundred years ago ; and that these were our fathers and our mothers of the olden time.

The general tone of character pervading those primitive communities can now be ascertained only from the records of their public acts. Such is the nearest approximation history affords. The laws of a Commonwealth, however, are not unfrequently a fair index to the moral and social condition of its citizens. In all republican communities the civil is built upon the social state and must, therefore, partake somewhat of its general character.

In looking over the legislative records of those early times, it is pleasing to observe with what solemnity they regarded the manifold duties of life ; how careful they were of the domestic relations ; how faithful they were to their parental and filial obligations. Obedience on the one hand, and wholesome education upon the other, were equally enforced by law. Fathers were made accountable, to a reasonable extent, for the training, character, and deportment of their offspring. They were required to instruct their children in some honest and useful calling, lest they should prove "pests instead of blessings to the country." Wilful negligence in this respect was visited with the penalties of the statute. Schools were encouraged as being of "singular use and benefit to any Commonwealth." The standard of education among the common classes corresponded with the spirit and simplicity of the times. Children were required by law to be taught "duely to read the Scriptures ; the knowledge of the capital laws ; and the main principals of religion, necessary to salvation." The latter clause of this injunction was to be fulfilled, according to the letter of the statute, "by learning some short orthodox catechism without book."

We can but respect the purity of social sentiment indicated in that community where idleness was punished as an unholy vice, and where wilful ignorance was considered an offence "against the safety and dignity of the Commonwealth;" where every man's reputation was so inviolably sacred, that even the talebearer became a villain in the public eye, and as such was amenable to the penalties of the law ; where the liar, the drunkard, the sabbath-breaker, and the profane, were regarded as outcasts,—fit only to be whipped, or

branded, or imprisoned, or punished in the public stocks ; where the traitor, the blasphemer, and the idolater, were not accounted worthy to exist.

We are not surprised at the apparent attachment, existing in such communities, to the circles of private life. Their cup of happiness and contentment seems to have been full. So little were the dignities of State coveted by them, so sacred were the pleasures of retirement compared therewith, that it was found actually necessary to impose a penalty upon any man who, being elected to any public office, should decline the honors of the appointment. Even the honors of the Chief Magistracy were found insufficient to tempt them from those scenes of social happiness, without the additional incentive of a heavy fine.—The letter of that truly excellent man, General James Cudworth, when appointed by Governor Winslow as commander of the expedition against the Dutch, presents a noble picture of the simplicity of those days, and of self-sacrificing fidelity to the cares and duties of private life. The office was one of great distinction, and it was tempting, no doubt, to an ambitious mind. But he excuses himself by urging, among other considerations, the afflicted and unsettled condition of his household affairs. He states that Mistress Cudworth is “so feeble she cannot lie, for want of breath ; and when up, she cannot light a pipe of tobacco, but it must be lighted for her ;” and, finally, he concludes by saying, that he does not “understand a man is so called to serve his country, with the inevitable ruin and destruction of his family.”

Fortunate and happy, however, as may have been the general condition of the Colony in those times, very much, if not all, depended upon another cause which lay deeper and nearer the heart. I mean the religious character of our fathers. Among the earliest settlers upon the Cape, the moving and leading object was freedom to worship God. They came under able and devoted teachers who had assisted in planting their destinies, as they hoped, upon the rock of ages. Religion, among them, was a safeguard to the citizen, and a bulwark to the State. So long as her injunctions were obeyed, so long prosperity and peace dwelt within their borders.

It is enough for their sincerity and zeal to say, that they were of the puritanic school and faith. For nearly half a century they pursued the career of a peaceful, quiet and godly people. The testimony of the magistrates at Leyden they had not abused. Their devotion to the precepts and examples of their Master never had been questioned. We regret that anything should have happened to impede their progress, or that any circumstance should have arisen so severely to test their wisdom and forbearance.

It seems almost impossible to banish from the mind a spirit of extravagance while dwelling upon the religious character of our ancestors. We glory in their fortitude. We honor them for their untiring perseverance. We hold them in veneration for the spotless purity of those principles which they espoused. Yet, at times, our sympathy is shaken, and our charity impaired. We are pained to observe, in the history of those very martyrs, what, at first view, seems to resemble the spirit of tyranny and persecution. Our emotions are conflicting. We admire, and yet we pity; we praise, and yet reprove; we love, and yet condemn.

The fact is, we are apt to look upon those pilgrim fathers in a seditious light. We do injustice both to their virtues and their failings. The error lies on each extreme. We give them more, and we grant them less, than they really deserve. In our fondness we incline to regard them as the great apostles of religious liberty, while in fact they were but noble champions of a creed. It is true that, in their day, they were the party of progress,—but that progress was guided by a wholesome conservatism. Our fathers were not the advocates of freedom in its largest and unlimited sense. They never professed so much, either by word or deed. So far as religion was concerned, they fought against the forms rather than the doctrines of the English Church. The puritan controversy in England shows that it was ecclesiastical rather than religious freedom for which they contended. 'Touching the grand doctrines of "original sin," of "faith, grace, predestination and election," the Anglican and the Puritan were well enough agreed. The teachings of Calvin and the teachings of the University were not vitally discordant. The Puritans eschewed all human

agency and control in matters of religion, and they seemed to have the authority, or at least the example, of the English Crown as well as the English Church for their position. No better exposition of the views and objects of our fathers can be furnished, than is contained in the preamble to their general laws, adopted by the General Court at Plymouth, wherein it is solemnly avowed, "that the great and known end of the first comers in 1620 was, that without offence, they might with the liberty of a good conscience, enjoy the pure Scriptural Worship of God, without the mixture of Human Inventions and Impositions; and that their children after them, might walk in the Holy Wayes of the Lord."

At the risk and expense of almost every earthly consideration, they at length had formed themselves into such a community. Thus far they had enjoyed those blessings so long and so dearly anticipated. Was it unreasonable that privileges, bought at such a price, should have been regarded by them as sacred and inviolable,—at least within the precincts of their little neighborhood? Was it strange that they should have guarded, with a jealous eye any invasion of those privileges, or any attempt to molest them in the quiet cultivation and enjoyment thereof?

The religious difficulties which the Colonists encountered were, indeed, painful and unfortunate to all who were concerned therein. The advent of the Quakers was an unlucky incident, at an unlucky hour. We cannot help deplored that event; we regret the consequences which ensued. Our sympathies are naturally excited for the weaker party, and yet our better judgment forbids a hasty condemnation of the stronger. There is great danger of attributing to a spirit of persecution, what originated in nothing beyond a reasonable desire for self-preservation.

Consider, for one moment, the trials which our fathers were called to endure, and the apparent sacrifice which was before them. Consider the character and temper of the Quakers at that early period. We can form but an imperfect idea of them now at best,—it is the more impossible, because of the elevated and enviable position occupied by

their successors at the present day. As a class, however, there exists but little doubt that they were headstrong and over zealous. As with most new sects, they were agitators first, and reformers afterward. Many of them, in their demeanor, it is said, were "audacious and provoking beyond endurance." In their religious pretensions they were seemingly blasphemous. They invaded the quiet of the sanctuary, and set at naught the doctrines of its teachers. Their spirit savored of high treason to the State. They defied and trampled upon its laws. The oaths of allegiance, and the duties of free men, they spurned. The immediate tendencies of their career were to civil commotion and religious discontent. Upon a soil, already too well prepared, they scattered the seeds of desolation far and wide. And yet, claiming to enjoy rights denied to all good citizens, they demanded to be tolerated and protected in their destructive course.—Consider, again, that the Quakers were, for the most part, strangers and intruders,—not citizens nor permanent sojourners among them. They professed no love or sympathy for those whom they bitterly abused. They promised no apparent good in exchange for the evils which they were inflicting.—To all this, add still another consideration. Our fathers had, for some time, been pained and even alarmed at the spiritual degeneracy of many among their professed brethren. A feeling of religious indifference had begun to manifest itself. Their assemblies were poorly attended. Their ministers were miserably supported. The ordinances of religion had fallen into neglect. Dissentions among the sister churches had of late arisen. Many of them were even without a teacher. The power of the law had recently been invoked to enforce those duties which Christianity enjoined.—In the midst of all these existing troubles, at this most unfortunate crisis, came such men as Humphrey Norton and John Rouse, teaching strange and disorganizing doctrines.

Upon our fathers depended the solemn issue. With them alone rested the preservation of the Church and State. They could invoke no foreign aid. They could not, like the Catholics of Maryland, recline upon the bosom of their

Holy Mother, and, in case of need, call down the dreadful thunders of the Vatican upon the heads of their offenders. Least of all were the Puritans sustained by the sympathies of the English Church. Those who are strong may well afford to be generous, but our fathers were weak. In numbers they were limited. Their footsteps were scarcely as yet established. They were literally hemmed in by destruction. Death lurked in ambush all about them. They were emphatically the Church militant on earth, in a martial as well as spiritual sense. As soldiers of the Cross, they were obliged to go up to the quiet sanctuary of the Lord with their muskets upon their shoulders. There was no earthly power on which they could rely;—there was no assistance nearer than Heaven;—they had no protection,—but in the name of God.

What was to be done? Life or death, salvation or destruction, was apparently before them. Should they not endeavor to defend what they supposed to be the truth? Should they surrender what they regarded as their hard-earned, precious, and exclusive privileges? Should they allow their religion to become a bye-word, and their statutes an empty proverb? Was it for this that, as a people, they had suffered the tortures of the prison and the stake? Was it for this that they had sacrificed the endearments of home? Was it for this that they had encountered the perils of the deep, and trusted to the fortunes of a savage wilderness? Were those ties now to be broken, by which their souls had been knit together, like the souls of Jonathan and David? Was that sympathy to cease, by which they had thus far been strengthened and supported? Was that union at length to be severed, upon which they rested their hopes of a successful issue?

It was indeed an hour of anxiety and peril. They did not wish for contention. They had buried themselves in a wilderness for the very purpose of avoiding strife. They wanted rest, and they chose to seek it under the peaceful banner of the Cross. But the moment they submitted, there seemed to be an end to all their hopes. If

they yielded their authority, that moment they were scattered to the winds. Their labors and their sufferings to them were all in vain,—they were like sheep without a shepherd,—they were like children without a home. As Christians, for the welfare of the Church, they had endeavored to persuade ; but they were too far divided in their sympathies. A righteous abhorrence existed between the two. There was “a spirit of fanaticism, approaching almost to frenzy, on the one hand ; and a pious zeal, allied (no doubt) to bigotry, upon the other.” There was, therefore, no middle ground on which they could agree.

Our fathers were thus driven to the only alternative remaining. Considering, as well they might, that the land was theirs by right of occupancy, and also by the right of purchase at an awful price, they enacted and enforced what they regarded salutary laws. For the safety of the State, all good citizens were forbidden to bring any Quaker within the limits of the Colony, or to encourage such as already were among them. Their doctrines were suppressed, as tending to corrupt the public mind. Their assemblies were prohibited, as dangerous to the Commonwealth. By their own acts of disobedience, they were legally disfranchised. Without the oath of allegiance to the King, and fidelity to the State, no man could lawfully remain within her borders, or enjoy the privileges of a worthy citizen. These requirements they despised and treated with contempt. The consequences naturally followed. Timely notice was given them, either to obey the laws, or to depart the precincts. To those who promised such obedience, all penalties were remitted. To those who still refused, and were without the ability to depart, the necessary means were furnished from the public treasury. If this did not suffice to rid the Colony of their presence, it is difficult to say how they should have acted, excepting as they did. If the mode of punishment was severe, it was only in accordance with the spirit and seeming necessities of the age. Our feelings are easily enlisted, because the Quakers suffered and transgressed under the garb of their religion. That which, under other names,

had seemed undoubted justice, appears to partake of persecution here. It was a delicate and trying task which our ancestors performed. We cannot fathom the depth of their emotions. They certainly are entitled to our charities. They acted wisely in most things else; they may have erred in this, as who might not? It is hazardous to condemn. "Man sees the deed alone,—God the circumstance; judge not, that ye be not judged."

Let us now proceed to consider the political condition of that period. In common with the entire Colony of Plymouth, the political history of Cape Cod is full of interest. We have already referred to the commencement of that history, in the harbor of Provincetown, on the eleventh of November, 1620. Never, for a single moment, during their whole career, did the Colonists forget that day. They dated their progress from it, as the very beginning of their civil existence. In their early legislation, they went back to that original compact, as to the Magna Charta of their liberties, and they endeavored to follow its spirit in all their subsequent deliberations. At their first convention, called in 1636, for the purpose of revising the laws and constitution of the Plantation, according to an order of their Sovereign Lord, King Charles Ist, they adopted the following preamble, as a part of their declaration and bill of rights:—"Now being assembled, and having read the solemn binding combinacion, made at Cape Cod, the 11th Nov^{br} 1620, and finding that as free-born subjects we hither came, we think good that it be established for an act, that no law, or ordinance, be made or imposed, upon or by ourselves or others, at present or to come, but such as shall be made or imposed by common consent." The great principles, contained in that immortal document, were thus publicly recognized and proclaimed, and the pillars of our Republicanism were planted upon their everlasting foundations. It was then that our fathers, kneeling before that shrine which had been erected by them sixteen years previous, in the cabin of the Mayflower, in the harbor of Cape Cod, again offered up their solemn vows, and

renewed their high commission, as the apostles of "freedom and equal rights."

The original form of the Colonial Government was simple in the extreme. The executive, legislative, and judicial functions thereof were gradually defined and perfected. For the first eighteen years of the colonial period the State was a pure democracy. The increase of population, however, and its diffusion over a wider territory, soon lead to the introduction of the representative system : and, in 1639, each town sent its committee to the General Court at Plymouth.

The qualifications of those entitled to the elective franchise were somewhat peculiar,—indicating the sacred light in which they viewed the welfare of the State, and the consequent importance attached to the office of a citizen. They must have attained to the age of twenty-one years. They must have taken the oath of fidelity to the Government. They were required to be freeholders: to be men of good reputation among their neighbors; men of sober and peaceable lives, and "orthodox in the fundamentals of Religion." To such men, the privileges of a citizen became a duty, the neglect or abuse of which was a penal offence. The oath of a freeman was taken "in the name of the Great God of Heaven." No liar, or drunkard, or libertine, or open reviler of the laws of God or his country, was accounted worthy to take upon himself that solemn obligation.

The executive branch of the government consisted of a Governor and his Assistants, who held their office for the term of one year only. Previous to 1639, the Governor was chosen by the people at large; after that period, he was elected by the General Court. Until 1624, the Governor had but one Assistant. At the special request of Governor Bradford, the number was then enlarged to five: and subsequently, in 1633, the executive Chief Magistrate was surrounded by his seven Counsellors of State. The office of Deputy Governor was not specifically created until some years after the formation of the general government; when it was ordained that, in case of the death of the Governor,

or his sickness, or absence, or other disability, the next oldest Assistant should assume and perform his official duties.

After the introduction of the representative system, in 1639, the Governor, his Assistants, and two Deputies from each town, constituted the Legislature. The laws enacted by them were simple and somewhat severe, in their general character; but they were frequently revised, for amendment or repeal. The common law of England was of course the basis of the colonial common law; but their penal enactments seem more nearly to have resembled the Mosaic code. Their statute provisions touching the rights of property, evince great wisdom, in many instances; and plainly indicate that there were not wanting among our fathers, those who were deeply skilled in all the learning of Lord Coke and Sir Matthew Hale.

Their judicial system also partook of the general simplicity of the times. It was specially ordained "that all tryalls, whether capitall, or between man and man, be tryed by Jewryes, according to the presidents of the law of England." There were three distinct tribunals generally known among them; an Inferior Court of Selectmen, having jurisdiction in all minor matters,—subject, however, to the right of appeal; a Superior Court of Assistants, consisting of the Governor and his Council, who had original or appellate jurisdiction in "all capital, criminal and civil causes"; and, lastly, the Supreme or General Court, consisting of the Governor, his Assistants, and the Deputies from the several towns,—who were not only, as legislators, the original source of all law,—but, as judges, the highest legal tribunal, in all matters where the Court of Assistants might "judge the case too great to be decided by them."

These public officers of the State, whom I have mentioned, occupied positions of dignity and responsibility in those days, such as are unknown to us; and they were, accordingly, held in the highest veneration by the common people. The Governor was not only the executive Chief Magistrate of the whole Colony,—but he was, *ex officio*, a Supreme Judge and a Legislator. The Assistants were not merely the Counsellors of the Governor,—but also Associate

Justices of the Supreme Bench, and members of the Legislature. Their Deputies, or Representatives to the General Court, were not simply the Legislators of the land,—but, in their judicial capacity, they were frequently called upon to sit as members of the highest legal tribunal, and to discharge the solemn functions of that office.

Among the most important political events of the colonial period, was the quadruple treaty of 1643, by which the New England Colonies entered into a league of amity, for purposes of mutual counsel and assistance on all public occasions. The articles of confederation established by them, indicate a degree of wisdom and statesmanship, little if any inferior to that manifested by the framers of our American Republic. The general principles of "National and State Rights" are there set forth and defined in a manner very nearly resembling the form and character of our present federal compact. To the political history of the colonial period, however, we can farther devote but a passing remark. The entire career of our colonial fathers is full of general importance, but matters of local interest seem more properly to demand our attention at this time. We know, unfortunately, but very little about those struggles of political sentiment, and party feeling, which undoubtedly prevailed among the immediate inhabitants of the Cape in those days. Cape Cod had, in fact, no separate political existence until 1685 : when her territory, embracing the four towns of Sandwich, Barnstable, Yarmouth, and Eastham, was set off into the present County of Barnstable. It is, however, gratifying to know that, whenever public exigencies required her aid, she was always ready and faithful to her public duties. During those sanguinary conflicts with the Indian tribes, her men and money were ever at the public service. In the war with King Philip, which spread such terror and distress among all the Colonists, Cape Cod furnished her trainbands and her gallant officers. It was, indeed, enough for those infant Colonists, if they could stand up under the pressing emergencies of the passing moment. In their imperfect, embryonic state,—while they were cutting their way back, foot by foot, into the wilderness,—while they were

obliged to provide for new and unforeseen events, continually arising among them,—while they were threatened, moreover, with momentary extermination, by a savage and relentless foe,—it is wonderful to behold how carefully they guarded the interests of the Commonwealth—how faithfully and ably they sustained those great principles of Republicanism embodied in her laws and constitution.

The personal history of Cape Cod, during the colonial period, is alike interesting and honorable to us of the present generation. It is really curious to observe with what tenacity the inhabitants upon the Cape have continued to occupy their original locations. In reading over the names of those who were able to bear arms during the earliest years of her settlement, we are even surprised at their familiarity. We feel that we are dealing with the living, not the dead,—that we are in the very midst of our village acquaintances,—among our neighbors and relations of the present day. There are the Wings, and the Swifts, of Sandwich; the Lewises, and the Bursleys, of Barnstable; the Bangses, and the Thachers, of Yarmouth; the Snows, and the Atkinses, of Eastham. The list of voters, at their last town-meetings, could not differ materially from those to which I have referred.

Among the clergy of that day were men distinguished for their talents and acquirements. The Rev. John Lothrop, the first minister of Barnstable, was educated at Oxford, and was regarded in England as among the celebrated divines of his time. The Rev. Thomas Walley, and the Rev. Jonathan Russell, his successors, are both described as eminent and worthy men. The Rev. William Leveridge, and the Rev. Richard Bourne, of Sandwich, have left evidence of their piety and devotion. The Rev. John Miller, and the Rev. Thomas Thornton, of Yarmouth,—the Rev. John Mayo, and the Rev. Samuel Treat, of Eastham, are all mentioned as “able and faithful servants of the Lord.”

Among the distinguished civilians of the Cape, in colonial times, were Barnabas Lothrop, and Nathaniel Bacon, of Barnstable; John Thacher, of Yarmouth—son of the famous Anthony Thacher, one of the original grantees of that town;

Edmund Freeman, of Sandwich ; Deacon John Freeman, and Deacon John Done, of Eastham. These were all, at various times, Assistants of the Governor ; and, as such, they were also Associate Justices of the Supreme Colonial Bench.

Among the politicians of Cape Cod, as a matter of local curiosity rather than of general importance, it may be mentioned that the first Deputies or Representatives from the Cape, to the General Court at Plymouth, in 1639, were Richard Bourne, and John Vincent, of Sandwich ; Joseph Hall, and Thomas Dimmick, of Barnstable ; Thomas Payne, and Philip Tabor, of Yarmouth. Statemanship seems, in fact, to have been but little cultivated, or even regarded, among our colonial fathers,—except so far as it tended to promote the cause of Christianity, which was the great and all absorbing idea of their lives. It is, however, somewhat remarkable that, during the entire colonial history of Cape Cod, which embraced a period of about fifty-three years, notwithstanding her settlements were few and small and very remote from the seat of power, she was represented in the chair of the executive Chief Magistrate more than half that time.

Of Thomas Prence, the first colonial Governor from the Cape, special notice seems to be required on this occasion. No one who is at all acquainted with the history of those times, can fail to have been deeply interested in his life and character. He was one of the original settlers of Eastham in 1644 ; and, during the latter portion of his days, he was beyond comparison the first man in all the Colony. Although he was never blessed with great advantages for learning, yet he was the earliest and firmest friend of education. To his untiring efforts, the Colonists were mainly indebted for the establishment of public schools among them. He was also singularly devoted to the cause of religion, and to the support of a learned and regular ministry. In 1657, he was re-elected to the office of Governor, as being “the fittest and ablest” man to meet the emergencies of that critical period. He was continued in that office for sixteen consecutive years ; during which time, he encountered and overcame foreign and domestic dangers which more than once threatened the destruction of the Church and State. His course has been re-

garded by some as at times severe, and somewhat intolerant ; but the public honors which he continued to receive, show that such was not the general conviction of his contemporaries. A candid and thorough examination of his whole administration must convince any one, that his apparent severity arose only from his great anxiety for the general good, and his determined efforts for the safety of the Commonwealth. No man of his time, bearing the burthens which he bore, could have carried a more lenient, or efficient hand. It is difficult for us, at this period, to calculate how much we owe to the industry, integrity, energy and judgment of that one man. His personal appearance seems to have been strikingly indicative of his uncommon powers. "He had a countenance full of majesty, and therein was a terror to evil doers." He died in 1673, at an advanced age, and deeply lamented by all the Colony. A curious relic of his day still remains. A pear-tree, planted by his hand upon his estate in Eastham, is said to have survived the storms of two centuries, and yet continues, in its literally "green old age," to yield its annual fruits to its owner of the present generation.

Seven years after the decease of Governor Prence, the chair of the colonial Chief Magistracy was again occupied by a citizen of Cape Cod. Thomas Hinckley, of Barnstable, was elected Governor of Plymouth Colony in 1680; and, saving the interruption of Sir Edmund Andross, continued to hold that office for twelve successive years, until the union of Plymouth and Massachusetts, in 1692. Mr. Hinckley had long been "a principal citizen, and a man of great influence" in his own immediate neighborhood. He was sent a Deputy to the General Court, in 1645. He was one of the Commissioners appointed to examine and revise the colonial laws in 1671. He had filled the office of Assistant from 1658 to 1681; and, as such, had been an Associate Justice of the Supreme Colonial Bench for twenty-three consecutive years. He was, without doubt, a man of extensive acquirements and of great natural talent. As a politician he was acute and sagacious. The policy of his course, during the reign of Sir Edmund, has been questioned and even censured by some. But his re-election to the office of Governor, and his continu-

ance in that office, so long as the Colony retained her separate existence, tend to show that the confidence of the public in his day remained unshaken, both as to his fidelity and ability. He died at Barnstable in 1706, where his remains now lie. The general history of Plymouth Colony, during the latter portion of Governor Hinckley's career, bear unmistakeable evidence that he was, above all others, the prominent and leading man.

We now bid adieu to the Old Colony of Plymouth, that earliest cradle of New England, in which, under circumstances at times the most perilous and painful, had been rocked the noblest principles of human liberty.

The union of the Colonies, in 1692, was the commencement of a new political era. For a period of sixty years next succeeding, the history of Cape Cod presents very little of general importance. Domestic concerns seem principally to have engrossed her energies. Her commerce and her fisheries continued to thrive under the management of her industrious and enterprising sons. Her wealth began to accumulate. Her population rapidly multiplied. The number of her towns was enlarged. Falmouth had already been incorporated in 1686. Harwich was added in 1694; Truro in 1705; Chatham in 1712; Provincetown in 1727; and Wellfleet in 1763. We hear very little, however, of her citizens in public life. She was honorably represented in the Provincial Councils, and in the popular branch of the general government. Justice commissions also were issued, according to the English practice, to individuals in all the different counties, with power to act in civil cases under forty shillings: and there was a Court of Quarter Sessions, consisting of all the Justices in each county, for the trial of inferior criminal matters, and the management of county affairs. Some of those official dignitaries upon the Cape, are mentioned at this day as having been very important personages in their time. There was also a Court of Common Pleas in each county, with its appointed Judges, having jurisdiction in all civil actions under a certain amount. Upon this Bench for the county of Barnstable, among others, were Peter Thacher, and Richard Baxter, of Yarmouth; Edward Bacon, and Daniel

Davis, of Barnstable ; Ezra Bourne, and Nathaniel Freeman, of Sandwich ; and John Done, of Eastham. These with many others, their associates, whom we have not time to name, were men of great respectability ; though few of them were deeply skilled in the science of law, as it is found in the books. Of their day, they were probably foremost in wisdom and attainments, but that was not a day of great intellectual competition. In addition to the civil tribunals already mentioned, I will here state that there was also a Superior Provincial Court, possessing all the judicial powers of the Common Pleas, the King's Bench, and the Exchequer, of England. No citizen of Cape Cod, however, was honored with a seat upon the Superior Bench, during the provincial period ;—a circumstance very trivial, in itself alone considered, but from which consequences of immense importance to the Country seem eventually to have arisen—to which we shall allude hereafter.

The natural result of extending the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay over so wide a territory was that each original portion became of less general importance. The reciprocal effect of this was, that each component part lost a portion of its former interest in the general affairs of the State. Aside from territorial extension, however, another cause operated with still greater power upon the public mind, to wean their affections from the newly instituted government. Their political relations had been changed. It was no longer a State of their own creation. They were now its subjects and not its sovereigns. Under the provincial charter the government was the mere creature of a foreign will. Its officers derived their appointment and authority mostly from the Crown. The executive and judicial departments were filled with royal favorites. The Board of Assistants, under the name of Executive Counsellors, continued much as before ; except that the judicial powers formerly vested in them, were now transferred to a distinct tribunal. The people naturally lost their regard for officers in whose creation they had no part, and over whose conduct they no longer had any control. As a body, they now had no voice in the affairs of State,

except through the House of Representatives; whom it is true they elected, but whose acts were so limited by an executive veto as to render them of very little importance. The effect of such a change soon became visible in another respect. The harvest of great men began to decline. The circumstances of the times were no longer calculated to encourage and develop the energies of the people. Individual merit was overlooked. The wisdom and strength of the multitude was not so taxed, as formerly, in providing for great emergencies, and in carrying forward the work of governmental reform.

It was, however, a favorable condition on some accounts. It afforded opportunity for reflection. It taught the people to appreciate those lessons of freedom and philosophy embodied in their colonial history; and it prepared them to profit thereby, whenever the proper occasion should present itself. In the meantime matters were steadily progressing towards a glorious consummation. Education was becoming generally diffused among all classes. Population was increasing. From two hundred thousand, the number of the colonists in 1689, they had grown to three millions, in 1775. The intercolonial wars of King William and Queen Anne served also to teach the Provincials their real strength, and to keep them from growing sluggish.

The spirit of the old colonial fathers was not to rest forever under the misrule of the provincial government. The soil of America was not adapted to the permanent growth of monarchical principles. New England, particularly, was ruined beyond hope, as the future theatre of despotism in any form. The arrogance and aggressions of the royal ministry soon began to be viewed with jealousy and discontent. The time at length arrived when the yoke of English tyranny could no longer be endured in silence, and the people complained aloud of their invaded and endangered rights. The restraints which had operated upon the public mind were partially removed. The excitement was universal. An awful crisis was at hand. A theatre was opened for heroic action and for noble deeds. Personal valor and individual effort

were again required. Once more there was a call for bold and resolute men.

That call was not unheeded, nor in vain. The great seat of congregated wisdom and enlightened patriotism was in this ancient and time-honored metropolis. Here the sessions of the people had been held. Here was the assembled body of political and intellectual power. Here were accustomed to be heard those oracles of State. Here, in royal and terrible array, sat Wealth, and Arrogance, and Pride.—And here, too, sat Virtue, and Philosophy, and Genius, with Learning, and Eloquence, in solemn consultation upon questions of human liberty and human rights. Among that noble company were those whose hearts were burning with the spirit of exalted patriotism. There was Cushing, and Dexter, and Bowdoin, and Thacher, and Hawley, and Adams,—the bold and unflinching champions of justice. They stood like priests and prophets around the altar of their Country's freedom. And there was yet another,—foremost among them all,—himself a “flame of fire,”—he who lighted, at a single touch, the glorious sacrifice,—the admired, the accomplished, the truly gifted, Cape Cod boy. He it was who became the great prime mover, in the first great scene, of the American Revolution. He who, by one heroic effort, “breathed into this nation the breath of life.” He left his great compatriots all behind. He climbed the loftiest pinnacle of fame,—and he wrote the name of Otis there.

Surely it was enough for Barnstable to have been the birthplace of one, whose career was thus devoted to his Country's weal, and whose undying name has since become the glory of our nation. But James Otis did not come unheralded before the world. For near a hundred years before, the fathers of that great American orator had earned and eaten their daily bread upon the soil of Barnstable. John Otis, his grandfather,—the Colonel, Counsellor, and Judge,—was an illustrious citizen of Barnstable. James Otis, his distinguished father,—the Speaker of the House, the Attorney General of the Province, the Colonel, and the Judge,—was also a citizen and a native of that ancient town.

What special inspiration may have been imparted to this noblest scion of that noble race, it is difficult to say. Perhaps the land of his nativity afforded no incentive to his riper years,—and yet, since history so asserts, it may not be amiss here to repeat the rumor of those days. I have already stated, while speaking of the Superior Provincial Court, that no citizen of our native county was ever honored with a seat upon that Bench. James Otis, the father of the “patriot,” so called, was for many years a prominent and right worthy candidate for that high office. It was an appointment earnestly expected and desired by the public. He was repeatedly assured of it, and repeatedly deceived. As well it might, this fact gave serious offence to many of his friends, and added greatly to the general discontent. It is said the Provincial Government paid very dearly for this seeming neglect of Cape Cod merit; and that they tried to make atonement, but found repentance came too late. To this circumstance, as an exciting cause, we are told, the royal Governor himself afterwards publicly attributed all those troubles which eventually led to the American Revolution, and the final sacrifice of His Majesty’s Colonies in America. Now, if this were really true, Cape Cod did thus perform a most important part in the early struggles of that revolution. The Provincial Government certainly did pay a heavy penalty for that indignity, shown to her illustrious citizen; but America this day has reason to rejoice that Cape Cod then had sons, able to arouse a nation, and thus to revenge her insults and her injuries.

Our native shores had ever been, and continued still to be, the homes of noble men. The old puritanic principles had not become extinct. The public records of the towns upon the Cape show that her inhabitants were active in the revolutionary cause. Her contributions were not only free, but very generous. Her sober minded yeomanry put on the soldier’s armor, and marched in companies to join the continental army. From the exposed condition of her seaboard, the prospects of her citizens were peculiarly endangered. Their dependence was mainly upon the ocean. Their wealth was

principally invested in commerce and in the fisheries. No other department of industry had grown so fast, or so great, in all New England. The number of ships engaged in the colonial trade was already near two thousand, with fifty thousand seamen on their decks. In the fisheries eleven thousand men, and one hundred thousand tons of shipping, were steadily employed. As a maritime community, therefore, the citizens of Cape Cod were deeply interested in all which pertained to the public relations of the Country. Least of all could they afford a rupture of their commercial intercourse. Yet they were alive to the subject of colonial rights. Their loyalty was great, but their love of liberty was greater. A feeling of indignation at recent political events ran all along those border settlements. Patriotic meetings were held at a very early period. Resolutions were adopted which breathed a heroic and independent spirit. Committees of correspondence were chosen, in the several towns, to communicate with the citizens of Boston upon the state of public sentiment. They tendered their warmest sympathies upon the side of freedom, and pledged to it their support. So far as possible, they prohibited the consumption or the use of articles imported under the late revenue acts of Parliament; and they publicly instructed their representatives, at the proper time, to advocate a declaration of American Independence. It is inspiring to behold how, in the midst of desolation and distress, they played the hero's part. To them, the future was fearfully portentious. With them, the fortunes of the war must necessarily go hard. Their present hopes were crushed; their income was suspended; their commerce was cut off; their fisheries were ruined. The soil, that last resort of all embargoed nations, was but a feeble staff for the support of men unused even to its cultivation. They drank a double portion of the bitter cup. Tradition tells us of perils and privations hard to be endured; of private and domestic scenes which wring the heart of sympathy. Yet they survived it all, and even put their shoulders to the common wheel.

How sad it is we know not more of such humble and

devoted men. The Muse of history, however, does not stoop low enough to rescue from oblivion the deeds, or names, or numbers, even, of those private martyrs to the public cause. But the humble and the great are alike, in fact, the heroes of such days. Those who are not learned in the arts of speech, are valiant advocates upon the field of death. Of the countless multitude, amid those scenes of mental agony and bloody strife, who yielded up their lives to save a desperate cause, it is difficult to say who was the bravest or the greatest among them all. In the career of public and official life, it is possible to imagine patriotism in action, goaded on by ambition at the heart,—but tell me, if you can, what nobler patriotism is there to be found, than burns within that humble breast, to which kind fortune tells no flattering tale, and makes no golden promises. We cannot overrate the heroic sentiment of those who patiently abide their Country's call ; who for her, cast their bodies into the fearful breach,—lay bare their bosoms to the messengers of death, and venture their earthly all upon the hazard of a die. Of that innumerable company who lie forgotten in their silent beds, whose names were never written upon their Country's page, if their deeds and virtues were but known, how many should we find deserving well to wear the laurel'd wreath, and share a liberal measure of heroic fame.

But that day is past. That field was nobly won. The victors and the vanquished rejoice alike in the fortunes of that hour. England, herself, is proud to recognize a rival sister in the slave she coveted.

The peace which followed that eventful contest, was indeed a welcome harbinger to the inhabitants of Cape Cod. Nowhere did the revolving sun shine more brightly than upon her quiet shores. The winds of Heaven which wasted from her coast those hostile fleets, breathed gladness into a thousand hearts. Their hopes were now revived again. The pent up energies of many years were now called forth anew. Commerce was let loose, and spread her myriad sails upon the surface of the deep. The surplus resources of the Cape, invited to her shores a population vigorous and active. New towns were added to the ancient sisterhood ;—Dennis

in 1793 ; Orleans in 1797 ; and Brewster, the youngest of the family, in 1803.

Nearly half a century has now elapsed since the domestic circle of the Cape was thus completed. The career of her intervening life has, indeed, been prosperous and happy. I have said Cape Cod was rich ;—rich in her local history,—rich in ancestral honors,—rich in her maritime advantages,—rich in the vigor and enterprise of her sons,—rich in the fruits of their industry,—rich in the virtues of social and domestic life. Of her local and ancestral history, I will say no more ; of her present character and condition, I have yet a word to add.

The native soil upon the Cape is poor,—for the most part, miserably poor. She has no waving wheat fields, no murmuring forests, no tumbling water-falls, to invite the hand of industry or art. In this seeming misfortune lies a portion of her strength,—if not, in fact, the secret of her entire success. Her only hope is on the sea. An overruling Providence seems thus to have ordained her to be, what she already has become, the great nursery of commerce. The attention of her citizens has never been divided. They have no hybrid growth of character among them. They are not landsmen to the middle, and seamen upward, but they are entirely and thoroughly devoted to their great calling upon the deep.—Other advantages being equal, the greater the poverty of the land upon the Cape, the richer and the happier are her inhabitants. Provincetown,—whose soil, changeable and uncertain as the snow that drifts, scarcely supports a single spear of native vegetation—Provincetown,—the Sahara of Cape Cod, where all the freehold property which nature ever gave her, if bid off at public sale, would hardly satisfy the auctioneer—Provincetown, in proportion to her population, is not only by far the wealthiest town upon the Cape, but in personal estate, I think the richest town in all the Commonwealth.

By untiring energy, steady devotion, and strict economy, Cape Cod has attained her present affluent condition. Her barren territory is dotted over with little clustering villages, all of which bear striking evidence of industry.

and thirst. Upon a soil, sterile by nature, and scarcely susceptible of improvement, her inhabitants have accumulated stores of wealth, and made to themselves a home full of comfort and content. With a population of nearly forty thousand souls, for each there is a competency. But her harvest is upon the deep;—her reapers are vigorous and bold. The symbols of her enterprise are found in every portion of the earth which offers a reward to her skilful navigators. Those fleets of white-winged fishermen which hover about her coast, or crowd her little harbors their burthens to unload,—those gallant hosts of commerce which hug her winding shores,—are not a tithe of that greater multitude, of more gigantic size, which, taking their departure hence, or commanded by her sons, traverse the Atlantic, the Indian, and the Pacific; visit the Northern and the Southern Tropics; wind their course through every bay, and gulf, and river, to every border capital and city in the world; and finally, pressing their way over every sea and ocean, explore the whole convex surface of the watery globe.

Such is but a hasty view of the industrial character and condition of Cape Cod. Let us now follow those spirited adventurers, for a moment, into the civil, social, and domestic walks of life.

In all their public relations the inhabitants of the Cape are emphatically a peaceable and law abiding people. As citizens of the State, they are liberal and true. In their commercial intercourse, they are generous and upright. With an amount of business competition, not surpassed in any community of the same extent, litigation is a thing almost unknown. Their courts of justice are, generally, but courts of reference and friendly arbitration,—in all their different sessions, occupying seldom more than a single week in each successive year. Their prisons and their almshouses appear like deserted castles. If not wholly tenantless, they are, to a great extent, occupied by strangers from abroad. I do not mean to say that misfortune and transgression are never known among the inhabitants of Cape Cod,—but that, as a general fact, plenty, honesty, and peace, reign without cessation among her native population.

In common with other portions of New England, the citizens of the Cape seem to possess those sterling principles which insure success amid the scenes of busy emulation. Upon a character, so pleasing in all its attributes, I think, however, the virtues of social and domestic life stand out most prominent and fair. To them belong most, if not all the virtues of New England character, without many of its seeming imperfections.

I trust this expression is not unpardonable. We can but rejoice in the general character and habits of New England. We admire that integrity of principle which pervades her population; that march of intellect which almost surpasses calculation. We admire that wondrous energy of will which converts mountains into molehills; that ingenuity of mind which exhausts the resources of the surrounding elements; that activity of purpose which extends her commerce over all the habitable globe, and spreads its canvas wings on every sea and ocean. We glory in that spirit of invention which drives its iron horse over its iron track,—which bits the electric spark,—which rides expresses over telegraphic wires—outstripping time itself in speed, by arriving at the journey's end, even before that journey was commenced, according to the strictest rules of solar calculation. We can but look upon all these things with pride and admiration. But if in any particular, we chose to complain of New England character and New England habits, we should point to that rigid and more than puritanic devotion to what are called the graver duties of life; that untiring and unceasing application; those brains that are ever aching, ever bursting, with some new project for gain; those hands which are ever toiling, ever grasping, never releasing their hold upon the things of time and sense; that constant anxiety for the future, which completely enslaves the present, and dooms the entire soul and body of the community to hard and unremitting labor; that somewhat selfish accumulation of means, never to be enjoyed in this day or generation, and which shall only serve to nurture indolence and vice among surfeited descendants;—finally, that giant and all-absorbing enterprise, which converts our villages and towns into mere

shipyards, workshops, and cotton factories,—our cities into public depots, and warehouses of trade,—our laboring population, into locomotive trip-hammers, and animated spindles,—in fact, our whole community, into one vast, swarming, active, and powerful, Corporation Aggregate.

From this hive of industry, from this perplexity of care, from this wearisome routine of labor, the soul of man must, at times, have retirement and rest. This world was not intended as the cheerless workhouse of our race. Life was never ordained of God to be a dreary term of unremitting service to his creatures. The moral health of the individual, and of the public, demands a proper cultivation of the social virtues and affections. And yet, there lies herein a wondrous difference between communities as well as individuals. I refer to that nobler discipline of the heart ; that fuller development of the soul :—in fine, that emancipation of the faculties from the servitude of gain, and that greater devotion to the duties, the pleasures, and the amenities, of social life.

In this respect, our native land does not depend upon her children for panegyric. Her eulogy is upon the lips of all to whom an opportunity has been given to test the hospitality of her citizens, or to become acquainted with their social virtues. It has been often said, and I doubt not with sincerity, that in those attributes of character which mark the liberal man, the desirable neighbor, the faithful friend, and the agreeable companion, the inhabitants of Cape Cod generally excite the stranger's attention and regard. This certainly is exalted praise for any people ; and yet, if we reflect upon the matter, it would seem but a very natural result of their general condition and mode of life.

The system of early training upon the Cape is singularly calculated to develop peculiar attributes of character. I speak not now of that learning which is taught in books, but of that discipline which comes only from experience and association. We borrow unconsciously much of character and destiny from the surrounding circumstances of our early life. The career of the Cape Cod boy is a striking illustration of this fact. By early education he becomes a sailor.

From his infancy he looks upon the ocean as his future theatre of action. The very nursery is to him a scene of preparation. A neatly modelled vessel is, in fact, the beau-ideal of his childish fancy. The pigmy craft becomes his chosen plaything. At seven, he trims her little sails, and navigates her skilfully from creek to creek. At eight, he takes preliminary lessons,—he ventures upon his favorite element, and learns the art of swimming. At ten, he is usually master of the rudiments, and is ready to embark upon the fortunes of a sailor's life—to him so full of novelty and romance. He now looks forward to the hour when he may realize his boyish dreams; and gratify his young ambition, by witnessing those very scenes of which he has so often heard with wonder and delight. He steps on board his gallant ship with a heart full of noble aspirations. He rejoices in the office of a cabin-boy, and yet he gazes with a longing eye upon the post of foremast-hand. He laughs to think the time is coming when he may climb those dizzy heights and do an able seaman's duty. Stage by stage, he marks the years of his advancement, from the galley to the forecastle, from the forecastle to the quarter deck. With an eye of faith he views the approaching day when, as master, he shall pace that noble ship, and be himself in turn a hero.

How many years of hardship does that boy endure in such anticipations.—But it is not in vain to him. Rising, step by step, through every grade in regular succession, from cabin-boy to captain, he at length assumes that high command, and enters upon its duties as a monarch of the deep. Upon that floating deck he knows no master now. His will, his word, his judgment, and his purpose, are supreme. The lives, the fortunes, the property and hopes of many are entrusted to his care. With a strong and unfailing heart he meets his great responsibilities. Thus is he schooled and thus is he fitted for his exalted sphere. And what a school for humanity is here;—what discipline of mind, what development of soul, is begotten by a life like this.

Consider, once more, the general character of that employment; the world-wide school of experience it affords; the acquaintance it begets with the various countries and

cities upon the globe ; the knowledge it imparts of men and manners ; the opportunity it gives for social communication with every class and condition of mankind.—Consider, again, the leisure which it furnishes for reading and meditation ; the long dull hours on shipboard, which cannot otherwise be profitably or even pleasurable spent. A moment's reflection convinces one that uncommon advantages here exist for self-cultivation ; that the strongest inducements are here presented for the improvement of those advantages ; and that, as a reasonable, if not a necessary consequence, the choicest attributes of character are here developed for the social and domestic circles of life.

Among such men you are not to look for that highest degree of mental discipline, or for those varied and refined accomplishments, which are found among those who congregate in cities. In the early discipline of boyhood, they generally lay the solid foundation of a practical New England education, and upon this they subsequently build a noble and peculiar superstructure. For the learning of the schools, they have but little occasion, and but little opportunity. If, however, you desire such information as cannot be found in books,—if you are in search of that knowledge which comes from travel only, and which generally makes the agreeable companion,—here you have it face to face. Let your conversation take its widest range ; discuss the condition and appearance of foreign countries ; the productions of their soil ; the education and occupation of their citizens ;—their style of dress and architecture :—in fine, extend your inquiries to the manners, customs, character and habits of all nations,—and you will have men of intelligence about you, who, from the stores of their experience, are able and ready to impart.

You are not to expect among such men those cultivated graces which adorn the more elegant circles of metropolitan life ;—yet, there is a manliness and generosity of deportment about them which always elicit admiration. Of all New England men, such as the country can produce, there are but few, I think, who so command attention or regard, as the

aged and middle-aged gentlemen upon the Cape. Cordiality, liberality, frankness, and independence, are the prominent and distinguishing features of character among them. You behold in them the sinew and courage of a giant,—while, at the same time, you discover the gentleness and affection of a child. In their general demeanor, they are courteous and respectful,—yet, from habit, they address you with an air of firmness and authority. With the manners of the world they are perfectly familiar,—and yet, practically, they are strangers to its narrow subterfuges. Their position has been one of dignity and honor ; their word has been the law of their floating province ; they have had no occasion, therefore, to study the arts of petty dissimulation. Servility of conduct does not, in fact, belong to those who are accustomed to command.—In fine, their presence, tones and actions, all inspire you with confidence and attachment. You feel that you are dealing with a class in whose souls the noblest principles of human nature have been developed.

In a community, consisting of such men, it is needless to remark that the social sentiments generally predominate. If not thus inclined by nature, their situation upon the Cape would lead to this result. Home with them is by no means a theatre of gain,—it is rather a place of retirement and recreation. Their minds are no longer occupied with schemes of traffic and busy competition. The harness of labor is cast aside for a season, while they devote themselves to the rational enjoyments of life—to the pleasures of friendly communion, and social intercourse. A spirit of good faith and good fellowship usually prevails throughout their precincts. The neighborhood becomes, in fact, but a wider extension of the family circle. With open hands, open hearts, and open doors, they welcome each other to all the hospitalities which their condition will afford.—Nor do they limit their generosity to mere acts of neighborly kindness and civility. The latch-string of their sympathy is never “pulled in.” The stranger among them is always greeted with respect, and the temporary sojourner becomes the village guest.

The virtues of the citizen and the neighbor, however, shine brighter, it is said, in the husband and the father. Nowhere is this truth more apparent than among the inhabitants of the Cape. It is natural that it should be so. After a career of twenty or thirty years upon the ocean, the Cape Cod captain generally attains the object of his pursuits,—and he then retires, with a reasonable competency, to pass the balance of his days in leisure and repose. Having been engaged in the most important and respectable departments of commerce, with every class and condition of mankind, his soul has become enlarged; his views, his feelings, and his tastes, refined; and he is thus prepared to appreciate, and to cultivate, the higher virtues of life.

“Like a long lost child, returned at last,—
Like a weary man, when the day is past,”

he revels in the scenes of domestic bliss. The pleasures of home are made sweeter by the recollection of his former toils. Its duties and its relations are rendered doubly dear to him now, because of his earlier privations. To be a citizen upon his native soil, released from the cares and dangers of his calling—to be at rest in the midst of those he loves—is to him a situation full of novelty and delight. He enters upon its enjoyments therefore, with a heart full of the freshness and buoyancy of youth.

Such, in a word, is the social and domestic character of the citizens of Cape Cod. A nobler class of intelligent, honorable, frank and generous men, seldom grace the common circles of life. Taking them all in all, you may travel the face of the wide world over, and you will not often find their like.—But I should feel that I was unfaithful to my trust, if, while dwelling upon the character of the Cape, and the virtues of her sons, I should forget another class who mingle in this scene, and who bear a most important part in the duties and destinies of life. I mean the daughters of Cape Cod.

We are told that the finishing handwork of the Creator's plan was woman. She was his last, and, who shall doubt,

his best embodiment of perfection. In all those virtues which ennable and adorn the walks of social life, or cast their halo around the sanctuary of home, woman is by nature the superior of man. Her calling is not amid the scenes of public life. Hers rather is the school of virtue and affection. It is hers to cheer the sinking heart; to soothe the pangs of anguish; and to whisper in the ear of grief those words of consolation. Hers also is that higher task allotted her by heaven, to rear the tender plant of youth; to watch its infant progress; and to nurture the opening buds of promise with the dews of gentleness and love.

What a debt of gratitude we owe to those faithful women, who left the nursery of home behind, to embark upon the waters;—in whose hearts the dangers and the sufferings of the wilderness were surmounted by affection. How deeply are we indebted to those heroic mothers, who, in the darkest hour of agony and despair, sustained the sinking energies of our fathers;—those fair colaborers in the work of building up a Colony,—who watched, and worked, and prayed, within their little tents, and tried to bar their doors against the im-roads of starvation and distress. We need not be reminded of those many ties which bind us to the worthy progeny of that heroic race,—the mothers, sisters, wives, and daughters, of the present generation. I dare not here attempt a description of their peculiar virtues;—where all is loveliness, it is invidious to compare. Suffice it now to say that, side by side with their generous companions, they are always found discharging their appropriate duties, and reflecting equal credit upon the land which gave them birth.

From those brave adventurers, however, who sail upon the deep, let us for one moment turn our eyes toward that interesting household, from whence such spirits emigrate. In the absence of their appointed head, how nobly do its members bear their double portion of domestic duty. The calling of the husband, and the father, is abroad,—the wife, or mother, thus becomes the only present, ostensible, and active partner. The labor and responsibilities of home are entrusted mostly to her providence and care. Hers is the direction and the

toil, by which the homestead and the household thrive.—Happy, indeed, were it for that devoted class, if this were all which they were summoned to endure. They enjoy comparatively but little in the present,—happiness, with them, depends mainly upon the future. To them all winds are prosperous which hasten a return, all messages are welcome which bring glad tidings from afar. But, alas ! how painful are the disappointments which frequently befall them. How the cords of their affection are tested every hour. How dreadfully uncertain are all those hopes and fears of that domestic circle, whose hearts are upon the deep ; whose fortunes hang upon the mercy of the elements ;—to whom the Bible, and the Shipping-list, are the dearest nurseries of faith.

To the sons and daughters of the Cape alike belong the praises which are bestowed upon the land of our nativity ; for theirs has been the united task of building up her fortunes. And verily, they have earned a noble recompense. At home, and abroad, they behold the fruits of their fidelity. In the crowded cities of the East, in the capitals of the West, their companions are toiling with vigor and success. All seas, all lands, all climates, are the witnesses of their enterprise and virtue. In all the various departments of life they are ably represented,—among the ocean monarchs, among the merchant princes, in the sacred halls of learning, from the pulpit, at the bar, upon the solemn seat of judgment, among the councils of the Nation, in the chambers of the State,—there is no post so full of danger, no place so full of honor, but their industry may conquer and their virtues may adorn.

To you, Honored Sirs, who have trodden the paths of life with such merit and success, the benedictions of our native land are due, for the distinction conferred upon her name by your deportment in the past. In view of your position, well may she point, with feelings of gratitude and pride, to the character and example of her sons. To you, as elder brothers of that family, the younger portion of her children naturally look for wisdom and instruction. The task is quite impossible to calculate the amount of influence which you are

thus exerting upon the destinies of the present. We are told that it was a custom among the Ancients, to instruct their children in the principles of life, by allowing them to visit the assemblies of the State,—thus, by the presence and example of their heroes, inspiring the youthful heart to imitate their virtues. How many students in their closets,—how many salesmen behind their counters,—how many sailor boys upon the ocean, have looked upon the precedents which you have set before them, and thereby been encouraged to follow your career. How many, inspired by your example, already have attained to such positions as, by their unassisted strength, they never could have reached. To such, it is a privilege to meet you here to-day ; to drink still deeper, in your presence, from those wells of inspiration ; here, by the chart and compass of your experience, to direct anew their courses for the future.—While to you, Sirs, it cannot be otherwise than pleasing, to behold a rising generation, striving to imitate your virtues,—and resolved, if possible, to share a portion of your past success.

If this Association shall have the desired effect, by such influences, to elevate the character of its members ; to raise their aspirations higher ; or to stimulate their souls to greater activity of life ; then shall we all have reason to rejoice that, while we have thus attempted to discharge our duties toward the past,—while we have endeavored thus to cultivate a becoming regard for the home of our nativity,—we have also experienced a renewal of heart, and been made better as well as stronger for the future.

The Chair now announced that Toasts and Speeches were the order of the evening, and he introduced Henry Crocker, Esq., as 'Toast Master; who gave the following, as the first regular toast—

Cape Cod, our Home—The first to honor the Pilgrim ship, the first to receive the Pilgrims' feet; she is the first and the last, and always the dearest in the memory of her children everywhere! Again we repeat the motto of our Association—"Cape Cod, our Home."

This toast was rapturously received, and nine cheers were spontaneously and enthusiastically given, all present starting at once to their feet.

The following song, written for the occasion, was then sung by the entire company, the accompaniment being played by the band—

Tune—"HOME, SWEET HOME."

The home of our sires, where the Pilgrims first trod;
Where they first offered thanks for their safety to God;
That home we will cherish; their memory revere;
Their spirits, it may be, are hovering here.

Home, home, the Pilgrims home,
We ne'er can forget thee, our ocean-bound home.

The home of our childhood! in fancy we see
Its welcoming arm ever stretched to the sea:
Its beacons aye blazing, its hearts true and warm,
The sailor's sure refuge, when loud howls the storm.

Home, home, our childhood's home,
We ne'er can forget thee, our ocean-bound home.

Wherever our footsteps in manhood may roam,
We will fondly look back to our forefathers' home,
And cherish the thought of that sheltering bay
Where, rocked by the billows, the Mayflower lay.

Home, home, dearly loved home,
We proudly can say, there is no place like home.

These regular toasts then followed:—

The Day adopted as our Anniversary—The eleventh of November, 1620, gave to the world the first written compact of civil government! Its results, then inconceivable by the little band who subscribed it in the cabin of the Mayflower, are, to-day, the glorious enjoyment of a mighty nation, and in the future are to be the invaluable inheritance of a world of freemen.

The United States—Would the people in other sections of the country emulate the example of the sons and daughters of Cape Cod, in their devotion to *Union*, neither principalities nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, would be able to separate them.

The band here played “Hail Columbia!”

The State of Massachusetts—The chosen land of the Pilgrims, of liberty, of literature and enterprise.

In reference to the indecisive election of the day before, the band played

“Oh Dear, what can the matter be.”

The Pilgrim Society—Our elder brother; though we do not profess to be *seers* (Sears) still we venture to predict that we shall never find its President *warring* (Warren) against us.

Judge Charles H. Warren, President of the Pilgrim Society, responded to this toast. He thanked the meeting for the mention made of that Society, and said they would be glad to have such a large addition to their family, as the Cape Cod Association. They would say to this Society, *God speed*.

He adverted to early years, and said that the Constitution formed in the Mayflower, was the only one that no party, and no coalition of parties, ever offered to amend.

He read a letter written by James Otis the younger, in 1643, asking his father to send him funds to give a Commencement dinner on the day of his graduation. Judge Warren claimed descent from the first American who ever went to Cape Cod—one Peregrine White—the first white American born on Cape Cod, which circumstance showed the first act of the women of Cape Cod which is on record. He showed the original will of Peregrine, signed in 1704, when he was at the age of eighty-two. He then spoke of the many virtues and marked characteristics of the inhabitants of the Cape, and in regard to their moral character, said, that in seven years' experience in prosecuting criminals in Barnstable, there was but a single instance of a native of the county, who was prosecuted for a crime sufficient to send him to the State's Prison. This, however, he would not say to flatter those present. It was true of those who stayed at home; how it had been with those who came away, he would not say. Judge Warren also related several amusing

anecdotes of the past, which kept the company in the best possible humor. He gave this toast—

Cape Cod and Plymouth—Our fathers always lived in amity and peace. May their descendants always harmoniously unite in celebrating their virtues.

The next regular sentiments were—

The Press—Let but the *press* be suppressed, and a host of evils will *press* upon us. The people would be oppressed, their business depressed, our seamen impressed, and our impression is, (if we may be allowed to express the opinion,) that we should soon be ready to cry “*presto*, change” and reinstate the printing *press*.

The Historical Society of Massachusetts, and its venerable President—They reflect honor upon each other. For the latter we would crave a long continuance of that blessing so devoutly prayed for by Old Philip in the “Haunted Man”—“Lord, keep his memory green.”

Hon. James Savage, President of the Historical Society, responded to this sentiment, and alluded to some of the interesting incidents connected with the signing of the famous Compact in the Mayflower’s cabin, and to the men connected with it. He also spoke highly of the virtues of Wm. Brewster, as the first non-conformist layman, and concluded by calling upon those before him to renew their allegiance to the Compact of the Mayflower.

The next regular toast was as follows:—

The Mineral Productions of Cape Cod—Of far greater intrinsic value than all the gold of California; for there Indian corn was first dug out of the earth, and clams are still found in abundance.

The next regular sentiment:—

The Judiciary of Massachusetts—Cape Cod has evinced its respect for the laws by furnishing the bench with a Chief Justice.

Chief Justice Shaw acknowledged this sentiment in a speech of some length, and alluded to the sacred compact of the pilgrim fathers, which was signed on board the Mayflower, in Cape Cod Harbor, on the 11th of November, 1620, and said from that instrument sprung all the constitutions afterwards adopted in this country.

He alluded particularly to the fact that the early colonists not only established free governments for themselves, but they agreed to sustain each other against their common enemy—King Philip and his warriors. In this there was a germ of that Union of governments which was necessary for the common welfare.

He acknowledged himself a son of the Cape, and said nothing afforded him greater pleasure than to meet his associates of former days on occasions like the present. He concluded his address by giving the following toast.—

The Cabin of the Mayflower—The Convention Hall of the Pilgrims, from the first dawning of whose light has emanated a blaze of constitutional freedom which has lighted up every mountain and penetrated every valley of the land.

The next regular toast :—

The Historical Society of Connecticut—

From History's page all darkness to dispel,
And dissipate the mists that round it dwell;
To brush the cobwebs of the past away,
More light was wanted: and behold their Day.

JUDGE DAY, President of the Historical Society of Connecticut, responded briefly, and introduced the Rev. Dr. THOMAS ROBBINS, of Connecticut, who arose and directed the attention of the company to an ancient looking chest which was placed upon some chairs before him, and of which the following is the history :—

This chest was the property of Elder William Brewster, and with him landed from the Mayflower at Plymouth, Dec. 22, 1620. At his decease it became the property of his son William, and at his decease it became the property of his grandson Joseph Brewster, and at Joseph's decease it became the property of his great-grand-daughter, Ruth Brewster. Ruth having married a Mr. Sampson, and then deceasing in the family of Mr. Pliny Day it became his property, and was purchased of him by Dr. Robbins.

The chest is about five feet long, two and a half feet high, and two broad; is made of Norway pine, and painted red. It is securely fastened with iron clamps or straps around each corner, and at the end has a till. The lock and key are with it now as they were at first. The venerable Dr. further said that it was used as a table in the cabin of the Mayflower during the passage, and from its top the Pilgrims took their food. He further believed that it was made expressly for the voyage. This valuable relic of the past was gazed upon with eager interest by all present.

His account of the old relic was quite interesting, and at the close of his remarks the thanks of the society were tendered to him, at the suggestion of Hon. B. F. Hallett, for the pains which he had taken to add interest to the occasion.

The Daughters of the Cape—Their charms have often drawn thither the learned, the eloquent, the brave, in Cupid's leading-strings to kneel at Hymen's altar. Any such here this evening, will please honor this sight *draft* upon their song and sentiment;—and especially would we now draw out Benjamin *Drew*, Esq., of Boston.

Mr. Drew came forward in answer to this call, and said—“Mr. President—Knowing the very high approval which you have seen fit to attach to certain articles in rhyme, which have at various times and on sundry occasions given me an immortality of near a week,—and having, as you intimate, become an adopted son of the Cape, I shall venture to offer you in response, the discovery and prophetic vision of one Bartholomew Gosnold.”

BARTHOLOMEW GOSNOLD'S VISION.

There sailed an ancient mariner,
Bart. Gosnold was he hight—
The Cape was all a wilderness
When Gosnold hove in sight.

He saw canoes and wigwams rude,—
By ruder builders made.—
Squaws ponnded samp about the doors,
And dark papoooses played.

The hills were bold and fair to view,
And covered o'er with trees,
Said Gosnold “bring a fishing-line,
While lulls the evening breeze:

I'll christen that there sandy shore
From the first fish I take:—
Tautog or toadfish, cusk or cod,
Horse mackerel or hake,

Hard head or haddock, sculpin, squid,
Goose fish, pipe fish or cunner—
No matter what, shall with its name
Yon promontory honor.”

Old Neptune heard the promise made,
Down dove the water god—
He scared the meaner fish away,
And hooked the **MAMMOTH COD.**

Quick, Gosnold hauled—“Cape-Cape-Cape-Cod!”
“Cape Cod!” the crew cried louder:
“Here, steward! take the fish along,
And give the boys a chowder.”

Then Gosnold took his telescope,
 And swept the hilly shore:
 A second sight was in the lens—
 A thing unknown before.

For tangled swamp and forest dense,
 Cleared fields and gardens prim
 Now met his view: for wigwam rude
 The cottage neat and trim.

He saw the busy salt-mills whirl,
 The packets anchored near,
 Acres of flakes on which were spread
 The fortunes of a year.

Three spires or more in every town,
 Wild meetings of come-outers,
 Men of a hundred varying creeds,
 From Catholics to doubters.

He saw great gatherings in a grove,
 A grove near Pamet Bay,
 Where thousands heard the preacher's word,
 And dozens kneeled to pray.

Aghast he stands in sudden fright,
 His hair! behold it bristle!
 The lens has brought a train so near,
 He hears the horrid whistle!

And peering into further years,—
 Not far from this, our day,—
If he saw the happy era when
 The Cape Cod Branch will *pay*.

Still as he looked, the wondrous lens
 Revealed the future ages,—
 He saw the Naushon run away
 From Higgins and the stages!

Unwonted wealth in Barnstable,
 Gold, silver, Yarmouth notes:
 For Barker's *dyke* had changed the crops
 From thatch to rye and oats.

From Plymouth line to High-Pole hill
 He saw the vigorous Saxon,
 Bold, enterprising, hardy, brave,
 "Born to command," like Jackson.

Captains were they of every craft,
 Of clippers, yachts and whalers:
 Ah! Gosnold thought,—these go ahead
 Of even our English sailors.

Anon he looks with gaze intense,—
 The fair ones pass in view,—
 Chaste, pious, prudent, helpmeets wise,
 With loving hearts and true.

A flag he spies—the stars and stripes
 On Scargo's beacon land—
 Then mournfully he dropped the glass,
 And saw—but woods and sand.

The next toast was as follows :—

The Elder and the Younger Quincy—They honor our Association by their presence.

While for the *former*, Time, with friendly hand,
And all reluctant, slowly turns the sand,
The *latter* shows *some* marks—we hope unfelt,
Of early snows that summer will not melt.
I crave their pardon, but must ask for one,
How shall we know the father from the son ?

This sentiment excited great merriment. Hon Josiah Quincy, *junior*, rose in the midst of the universal laughter, and cried out—"Gentlemen, I introduce to you *my son*, who sits on the right of the chair." The venerable President Quincy then rose, was greeted with a cordial welcome, and proceeded to speak, with *severity*, of the disobedience of *some* sons. He entertained the company with some humorous remarks, congratulating all present upon the festive occasion, and extending a welcome to all. For himself, he had been asked, "What business have you here?" "O, I come by invitation." "Then you are not a Cape Codder." Now, as other gentlemen had laid their claims to being Cape Codders before the meeting, he should do the same. Now, his grandmother was a Cape Codder, and he had no doubt but that his father had dug clams, or caught fish and eels there. His great-grandfather had told his grandfather he had seen a nice girl, and he must make himself agreeable. Now, in those days, sons were in the habit of obeying their father's instructions ; and that the gentleman did make himself agreeable to Miss Sturgis, was pretty well proved by the fact of his being here. He concluded with the following :—

The Inhabitants of Cape Cod.—Now and always distinguished for their energy and enterprise, and for their prudence.

Mr. Quincy, Jr., now responded to his half of the sentiment above given, and among other things said that he "was a wise child that knew his own father," and then gave :—

The Sons of Cape Cod.—May they always be better men than their fathers.

Next regular toast :—

The Fishermen of Cape Cod—Misfortunes may fall upon them, and poverty may knock at their doors: They may be *defishent* of *fish*, or their children *clamorous* for *clams*, but you never will catch them doing a *sealy* thing.

The band here struck up the air,

“It was Sam Jones, the Fisherman.”

“The health of Hon. Wm. Sturgis—the first to introduce the ladies of Cape Cod to a participation in public social pleasures,” was given as a volunteer toast, and elicited a witty speech from that gentleman, who concluded by giving :—

The Health of Woman—God bless her. We all love her, and well we may.

Col. Samuel Swett then spoke as follows :—

Richard Bourne, one of the earliest settlers at Sandwich in 1630, preached or prophesied to his associates until Rev. John Smith, previously minister at Barnstable, became their pastor. He then went as an apostle to the Indians, and purchased, at his own expense, of Quachatisset and others, a most eligible territory of sixteen square miles, for the permanent abode of the Marshpee or South Sea Indians. In 1670, he was ordained as their pastor, by Rev. John Cotton and the apostle Eliot; and so rapid was their improvement, that their next pastor was one of the tribe—Simon Popmonet.

Shearjashub, son of Richard, was the Superintendent of the Indians, and resided on their territory. He procured from the Colony of Plymouth an irrevocable law, confirming the grant of the territory to the tribe, and rendering it inalienable without their unanimous consent. To the honor of Plymouth, and of Massachusetts since the union of those colonies, this law has been religiously observed; and the petty remnant of the tribe are now owners of the soil.

Hon. Ezra Bourne, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, son of Shearjashub, succeeded his father as Superintendent; and Joseph, son of Ezra, succeeded Popmonet as their pastor. Thirteen years afterward, he resigned, and was succeeded by Solomon Bryant, one of the tribe. But he rendered afterward important aid to that eminent missionary Hawley, personally known by Chief Justice Shaw and a few others present.

Sylvanus Bourne, son of Melatiah and grandson of Ezra, was a wealthy merchant of Barnstable, and for many years one of the

Governor's Council. He married Mercy Gorham, a descendant of Governor Carver. Her portrait, by Copley, in 1766, hangs in our hall to-night. She holds in her hand, most heretically, an English prayer-book. A number of her family, about this time, became Episcopal; and probably the sweet face of Mercy allured her husband from the Puritanic fold into the domain of the Church of England, which, in the opinion of our ancestors, was no better than the domain of the scarlet lady of Babylon. A farther departure from Orthodoxy appears in one of her letters, in which she praises some wine presented to her, and remarks that her taste in wine had been commended by Judge Dudley. But her kind and motherly character, so admirably portrayed by the artist, makes ample amends for all her delinquencies. It also appears in her letter that she was "manufacturing for her house a peculiar wool shirting." Now, from the remotest antiquity, staying at home and manufacturing wool has been acknowledged to be the unquestionable criterion of womanly perfection. The Roman maxim was, *domum iunxit lanam fecit*; while the words of Holy Writ are, "She seeketh wool," and "her hands hold the distaff."

The Indians, superlative friends, though diabolical foes, were, as may well be supposed, devoted heart and soul to the Bournes; and they enjoyed, at this period, a signal opportunity to manifest their gratitude and repay the family for their kindness toward them during so many generations. William, the child of Mercy Bourne, was prostrate with appalling disease, pronounced by all the civilized faculty to be utterly hopeless. But the Indians were too affectionate to surrender themselves to despair, and they came forward with the medicine man of their tribe to the resuscite. The tender mother did not hesitate to submit her beloved son implicitly to his savage rites; and, from that very hour, the child was made whole. He served afterwards, in Gorham's Rangers, at Louisburg, and was a wealthy merchant at Marblehead. His influence, as a Justice also, of one of the Courts, was so predominant in procuring the greatest bridge probably at that time in the country—the one at Newbury—that he had the honor of being the first to pass over it. He was Colonel of the Militia, also, and died in 1770, so highly respected that, in 1775, his widow was informed by the British Admiral that, though the town of Marblehead were bombarded, her house should be unharmed. The very conspicuous authors, W. B. O. and O. W. B. Peabody, were his grandsons. Hon. Benjamin Bourne, of Bristol, R. I., a Judge of the Circuit Court of the United States, was a grandson of the aforesaid Ezra Bourne, and at one period he and two other grandsons of Ezra were Representatives in Congress from three different States.

Hon. Francis Bassett, one of the Vice Presidents, was called upon to give a toast complimentary to the ladies, in his capacity of a bachelor. After a very humorous preface, he gave :—

The Ladies—They will always respect, for they always will be respected by, the gallant and enterprising men of Cape Cod.

The band immediately played,

“Barney, let the girls alone.”

The following toast was then given :—

Amongst the portraits that look down upon us this evening may be seen the benignant countenance of Elder Samuel Prencé. Respected and honored in his day and generation, posterity has not ceased to revere his memory.

Rev. Chandler Robbins, one of his descendants, made a few brief but very interesting remarks, and concluded with a very appropriate sentiment.

Hon. Thomas Prince Beal responded to a call made upon him in a ready, witty and eloquent strain, which gave much pleasure to those who heard him.

The next toast was :—

George S. Hillard—A descendant from the Pilgrims; classical and eloquent, never rough, but always ready.

Mr. Hillard made reply in his usual eloquent manner. It was full of feeling and sentiment that will not be soon forgot. Mr. H. concluded by giving :—

Cape Cod—The first place that sheltered the Pilgrims, whose inhabitants will be the last to abandon their principles.

Chief Justice Shaw gave the following toast :—

The Natives of Cape Cod—Bound by ties of unchanging affection to their dear native land, and the home of their earliest years, however separated by time or distance—may they ever have the heartfelt conviction that there is ever awaiting their return “a welcome home.”

The next regular toast was :—

Honor to him who faithfully represented the Cape for twenty years in the Congress of the United States. In bringing him here,

—————We only meant
To show the *Reed* on which they leant.

Hon. John Reed replied in a few brief words, and offered a sentiment complimentary to the citizens of Cape Cod.

The next toast was :—

The Clergy—They *pilot* us by their precept, and their example is such that we feel safe to steer our course by its *beacon light*.

Rev. Charles Brooks replied to this call, as follows :—

MR. CHAIRMAN :—In replying to your call, I have thought it might not be uninteresting to state the cause and occasion of the writing of that popular little poem on the “Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers,” by Mrs. Hemans. During a short and delightful stay at her house in Dublin, Ireland, in July, 1834, I had a long conversation with her. She expressed a deep interest in the United States; and said that she had been better understood in Massachusetts than in England.

She uttered with deep feeling her profound gratitude to Professor Norton of Cambridge, for the delicate and efficient manner in which he had commended her to the American public; for the generosity with which he had published, at his own risk, a beautiful edition of all her works, and then sent his approbation of her in that substantial and unequivocal form, which admits of no misconstruction,—*pounds sterling*. This patronage stimulated her to efforts, which, otherwise, she would not have made.

She told me, that of the many strangers and foreigners, who had visited her within the last three years, she had been most gratified with the Americans; and named one or two as signal examples. She was as truthful in her words as she was pure in her thoughts; and in thought no angel was purer.

In her conversation she was simple and glowing, and seemed without effort to throw the prismatic colors of her own idea upon every object she touched. I was struck with her deep sense of justice when she spoke of her sister spirits, Joanna Baillie, Caroline Bowles, Mary Mitford, Letitia Landon and Mary Howitt. She never spoke of them as rivals or competitors, but as friends and companions.

I told her, that as a member of the Old Colony Pilgrim Society, I had a right to thank her, in their name, for her true and touching little poem on the landing of the pilgrim fathers. “Well, said she, should you like to know how I came to write it?” “certainly I should,” was my reply. She said it was thus,—“I purchased two volumes at the bookstore and brought them home, and as I laid them on my table my eye was attracted by their envelope, which proved to be eight pages 8vo, of an address delivered at Plymouth on some anniversary. There was no title page and no date. The excellency of the paper and the beauty

of the type first arrested my attention; but, how this stray fragment got to Ireland, I could never ascertain. I began to read, and I found it contained an entire description of the fact of landing, and so beautiful was the painting and so thrilling the fact, that I could not rest till I had thrown them into verse; I took off my bonnet, seized my pen, and having read and re-read the story, I caught the fire from this transatlantic torch and began to write, and before I was aware I had finished my poem."

I then told her how much we valued the lines for their truthfulness and spirit, and how I had stood with a thousand persons in the old Pilgrim Church, at Plymouth, on "Forefathers' Day," and sung with them her exquisite hymn. At this remark a tear stole into her eye. "But," said I, "my dear madam, there are two lines of that poem which the descendants of the Pilgrims prize above the rest." "Ah! which are they?" I began to repeat—"They left unstained what there they *found*;"—"O! yes," said she, interrupting me hastily, and then reciting the next line, "Freedom to worship God." "Yes," I replied, "*Freedom to worship God.*" Then raising her voice, her eye at the same moment beaming with religious enthusiasm, she exclaimed—"It is the *truth* there, which makes the poetry." Yes, Mr. Chairman, *it is the truth there which makes the poetry*—for, so true is that poem to the facts and feelings of the case, that this fortunate lady has connected her name forever with the shore of Plymouth and the landing of our fathers; yes, so long as "the breaking waves dash high on that stern and rock-bound coast," to chant their ocean-dirge at the grave of the Pilgrim, so long shall be joined in the sacred requiem the name of Felicia Hemans.

When about to say farewell to this charming lady, she took my hand and said—"When you next meet with your pilgrim society present them my heartfelt thanks for their flattering partiality towards me, and tell them that I wish each one of them prosperity and happiness."

Unfortunately, Mr. Chairman, I have not been able to meet with our pilgrim society since that event, and therefore I avail myself of this opportunity, the most proper that could happen, to discharge my long cherished, well-remembered, religious trust.

The following was then offered as a sentiment, by a member of the Association:—

I will propose the health of a South Shore farmer and a Cape Cod fisherman, one who has exhausted its streams of their trout, and has always been "high line" when fishing in deeper waters: *Daniel Webster.*

This sentiment excited six hearty cheers. Mr. Crocker then read the following letter:—

MARSHFIELD, October 18, 1851.

HENRY A. SCUDDER, Esq.

Dear Sir:—I quite regret that my public duties call me so imperatively to Washington, that it is not in my power to accept the very kind invitation of the Executive Committee of the Cape Cod Association, to attend their celebration on the eleventh of November. Were it otherwise, I should meet the Association with great pleasure. It has so happened that, since I came to Massachusetts, I have had more acquaintance with the inhabitants of the county of Barnstable, than almost any other county in the State, except Suffolk and Essex; and I have learned to estimate them very highly.

The list of the officers of your Association sufficiently shows what contributions of talent and distinction Cape Cod has made to the Capital and to the State, in judicature and the legal profession, in divinity, in the highest branches of commercial enterprise, and in the general business of the community.

With many thanks to the Committee and to yourself, I remain, dear sir, your obliged humble servant,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The following volunteer was given:—

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop—We would not covet our neighbors goods, but we should be proud to claim him as a Cape Cod man.

The following letter was then read:—

BOSTON, 11th Nov. 1851, 3 o'clock, P. M.

My dear Sir:—I regret extremely that an unexpected and unavoidable engagement deprives me, at this last moment, of the pleasure I had anticipated in dining with the Cape Cod Association. I pray you to make my respectful apology to the Committee, and to the Company, and to propose to them, in my name, if an opportunity should occur, the subjoined sentiment.

Cape Cod—A Cape of *Good Hope* to the Pilgrims: a Cape of glorious fruition to their posterity: New England owes to it the safety of the Mayflower; the Nation owes to it the earliest and ablest defender of its liberties: the world owes to it the first example of a written compact of self-government. Success and happiness to its sons and daughters, whether on the sea or on the shore.

Believe me, dear sir, with great regard,

Your friend and obedient servant,

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

H. A. SCUDDER, Esq., Cor. Sec.

The following toasts and letters now succeeded:—

Hon. Edward Everett—We regret that one of whom it is proverbial to say “he doeth all things well,” should be so ill himself, as not to be present. His address at the Barnstable Centennial Celebration has endeared him to all Cape Cod men.

CAMBRIDGE, November 3, 1851.

Dear Sir:—I duly received your favor of the 15th of October, conveying to me the kind invitation of the Executive Committee of the Cape Cod Association, to attend their anniversary celebration on the 11th inst.

Nothing of the kind would afford me greater pleasure, than to be present on so interesting an occasion. I recollect as one of the most joyous days of my life, the 3d of September, 1839, when I had the pleasure of meeting many of the gentlemen, who have since united themselves in your Association, then assembled at the celebration of the settlement of Barnstable. I perceive from the Constitution of your Association, that the spirit and feelings which animated the company on that happy occasion, will be cherished and perpetuated in your annual meetings. Your Association will need no stronger assurance of success.

I deeply regret, gentlemen, that the state of my health is such as to compel me at present, to avoid as much as possible, the excitement of public meetings and public speaking; and that I must for that reason deny myself the gratification of partaking your hospitality. With the best wishes for the prosperity of the Cape Cod Association,

I remain, dear Sir,
Very respectfully, yours,
EDWARD EVERETT.

The City of Boston—Our adopted Home—Cape Cod has been called a good place to come from. Her young men have found Boston a good place to come to.

CITY HALL, November 11, 1851.

GENTLEMEN:—If my official engagements would permit, (which they do not) it would afford me great pleasure to accept your kind invitation. The high respectability of most of those of our citizens who hail from the county of Barnstable, would alone entitle any gathering of her sons to deferential regard. The mercantile and mechanical interests of Boston have been essentially advanced by their industry and public spirit, while the pulpit, the bar, and the bench have been occupied by them with distinguished honor and usefulness. Indeed, in all the stations of life, the sons of Cape Cod have given proof of eminent ability and moral worth. It might seem as if the hymn of the ocean, with its glorious asso-

ciations, to which they listened in their earliest days, had influenced their characters and tuned them for noble and honorable deeds.

Your borders first received the foot-prints of the fathers of New England. In your waters they framed and signed that immortal compact which has been called the first pillar of American constitutional liberty. Permit me then to offer, as a sentiment:—

Cape Cod—Her shores first welcomed the weary Pilgrims; may her sons never be false to their memory, or their principles.

I am, with great regard,

Your friend and servant,

JOHN P. BIGELOW.

To the Executive Committee of the Cape Cod Association.

United States Senate—The conservative branch of the Government. May it ever be distinguished for the dignity, ability and political integrity of its members.

BOSTON, Nov. 11th, 1851.

Dear Sir,—As we look at the map of the United States, the promontory of Cape Cod seems like an arm thrust through the sea, and bent to embrace our beloved Massachusetts. This image is typical of the hospitalities which its children now unite to offer.

To share these, would be a pleasure. I am glad to hear that there are many who will be able to do this, and I regret that I cannot be of the company.

At the present moment, such an occasion of kindly fellowship and good will is tempting. Amidst the din of political strife, you raise a white flag of peace, beneath which all parties and combatants may gather in happy harmony. Mindful of this most agreeable character of your social assembly, allow me to enclose a *sentiment*, which, I trust, will be found congenial with the hour, and grateful to good men of all parties.

The Demon of Political Strife. If it cannot be exorcised from public affairs, let us at least prevent the evil spirit from taking a place at the family hearth, from entering the private circle, or from troubling the charities of life.

Believe me, dear sir, faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

H. A. SCUDER, Secretary.

Other letters of apology were also read, and many sentiments were likewise offered. The festivities were kept up a short time longer, the evening's enjoyments being closed by this original song:—

Tune—“AULD LANG SYNE.”

We gather here at friendship's call,
And bow before her shrine;
A meeting sweet of kith and kin,
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my friends,
For auld lang syne;
A meeting sweet of kith and kin,
For auld lang syne.

Here soul meets soul, and heart meets heart,
A thousand hands clasp mine;
A thousand voices raise the song
Of auld lang syne.

Of auld lang syne, my friends,
Of auld lang syne;
A thousand voices raise the song
Of auld lang syne.

The generous hearted, honest man,
He blessed is of God:
Then may they all be such who hail
From auld Cape Cod.

From auld Cape Cod, my friends,
From auld Cape Cod;
Then may they all be such who hail
From auld Cape Cod.

From those that have, withhold thy hand,
They ask no aid of thine;
But help a fallen brother up
For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my friends,
For auld lang syne;
But help a fallen brother up
For auld lang syne.

The hour has come when we must part,
These social joys resign;
Oh, may we meet again ere this
Becomes lang syne.

Becomes lang syne, my friends,
Becomes lang syne;
Oh, may we meet again ere this
Becomes lang syne.

Which was followed by a warm and earnest benediction,
by Rev. Chandler Robbins.

After the removal of the tables, a large portion of the company remained, and engaged in dancing till a late hour. The best feeling prevailed, and everything contributed to the pleasure of the occasion.

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